

The Nation.

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The Week.

IT may not be generally known that there is in existence a Senatorial Transportation Committee, appointed in the last session of Congress, whose duty it is to report at some time upon the transportation question for the benefit of Congress and the public. Where this Committee is or what it is doing we do not know, though it is now stated that it proposes to have a conference with the farmers to find out what their grievances are. This would be a highly sensible thing for the Committee to do, considering the suspicions which in certain quarters are entertained about their labors, and considering also the present proportions of the farmers' movement. There are, it is said, between four and five thousand Granges already established, with a membership counted by hundreds of thousands—all probably voters. The farmers really hold the balance of power in the great agricultural States between the Republicans and the Democrats, and it is, to say the least, important to know what they want. A *Tribune* correspondent, writing from Chicago, says that in Illinois the Granges are not political bodies at all; that the management of the campaign against Judge Craig was conducted by a totally different organization, known as the State Farmers' Association. The object of the Granges is "the promotion of the intellectual and material interests" of the members; the State Farmers' Association, on the other hand, is a "local party formed expressly for the purpose of electing men to office who shall represent the agricultural interests of the State, and to secure the passage of such laws as they consider necessary to protect them from extortion." This distinction rather loses its force, however, when we are told that perhaps a majority of the State Farmers are also Grangers.

The new Illinois railroad law seems to be an admitted failure. Nobody pretends to know what its remote effects may be, but at present it threatens to divert trade from Chicago. The railroads have found a way of avoiding its operation with regard to "through freight," by making the tariff on the merchandise while it is within the borders of Illinois conform to the law, and charging nothing for carrying it the rest of the distance. The confusion that will be caused when five or six different States get their legislative machinery in motion may be imagined. There is some talk now of bringing the matter before the Supreme Court of Washington, in the hope that the action of the Illinois Legislature may be declared unconstitutional, though on what precise ground does not appear. Even if it were, the trouble would not be over, for the causes of the farmers' movement are very deep—so deep, indeed, that the farmers do not themselves more than half understand them. Another *Tribune* correspondent has interviewed a "prominent railroad man" in Chicago, who says very truly that though the farmers have some cause to complain of the roads, the sweeping charges of extortion now made are unfair. What this gentleman says about the freight tax is worth careful attention: "The amount that ought to be paid for transportation is fixed in New York and not here. The price of corn and wheat in Chicago, except when the operators get up a 'corner,' is governed by the price in New York. Sometimes it is high enough to enable the farmers to pay us a good price for freight, and then we make a profit. At other times it is so low that if we were to charge a fair price for transportation, the farmers could not send their grain to market at all." It seems that there are in Illinois only four railroads paying regular dividends, and only one as much as seven per cent.

What with the little tempest up in Manitoba and the new disclosures about the Canadian railroad transactions, the affairs of the Dominion have this week been rather more prominent than our

own. The Manitoba trouble has continued to show its ludicrous as well as its serious side, the latter aspect being for the most part turned upon the unfortunates who have got themselves into the keeping of the British lion, who in certain matters and in certain places is not the menagerie animal that in other places he has of late years been reputed. Our consul in that region, a Mr. Taylor, appears to be the natural successor as a publicist of the late Miles O'Reilly, the same who discovered the rule of international law that establishes "the right of hot pursuit"—that is, your right when your enemy is fleeing before you, and you are, as the Irish jurists say, "hot foot" after him, to cross any and all boundaries of countries contiguous to that in which the pursuit began, and to deal with him exactly as you would if you had collared him in your own land. Based on a similar great principle is Mr. Taylor's theory that, under a common-law rule giving you the right to seize and hold fast any absconding man whose surety you are, you have the right to invade for that purpose the soil of any and all sovereign states, especially of such states as also know the blessings of the common law. Mr. Taylor, for loudly expressing this opinion, and his opinion that the Manitoban authorities did not know what they were doing and were all wrong, has been made the subject of a fierce attack by the prosecuting officer of the Crown, and, so far as known, has been near seeing the inside of the same jail in which the so-called kidnappers are confined. The Governor of Minnesota, meantime, has exerted himself by letter to secure mild treatment for the prisoners, and there is good hope that all will be arranged, and that this little lesson in international law may do our northern frontier residents some good. They ought not to need it so soon after the war; but they talk as if they had not been committing a really grave offence. Perhaps they might point, as one or two of our own journals are pointing, at the way in which our State Department and War Department have suffered Colonel McKenzie, unrebuked, to invade by force of arms the friendly soil of our Southern neighbor.

It is repeating what is not much better than gossip, but, apropos of this Mexican business, there are rumors of a manifest-destiny policy, favored at Washington by the Secretary of War, who is reported to feel, on this subject, something of the imperfectly-enlightened General Rawlins's fervor. It will be recollect that the other day General Belknap, in presence of the West Point cadets, made a speech looking in the manifest-destiny direction, and that General Sherman in a few moments made another, in which he said very bluntly that we wanted no more of Mexican territory, nor indeed did we want what we have got, and he would like to hire Mexico to take it all back. It is now hinted that, if nobody else knew why General Sherman made this remark, Secretary Belknap, for one, did.

The principal exposure of the week has been that of the Brooklyn Trust Company, following immediately upon the death of the president, Mr. E. S. Mills. This Trust Company was a rich concern, had the confidence of the community, and was a legal depositary for funds the title to which might be in dispute. The management of the Company seems to have been of a bad though common enough character, Mr. Mills having been allowed to overdraw his account to the amount of \$146,000, and the trust funds being largely invested in worthless Georgia "Bullock" bonds, and in bonds of a railroad of very low standing, of which Mr. Mills was one of the directors, and part of which he had a contract to build. The deposits amounted to about \$2,200,000, and on the death of Mr. Mills the company suspended payment. One of the trustees, City Judge Alexander McCue, at once secured the appointment of a receiver, it is said, without due notice, and indeed without any authority, the case not being one in which a receivership is allowed by law. The trustees at once resorted to the

usual tactics to stimulate the confidence of the public, by assuring every one that the Georgia bonds had been, and that the railroad bonds would be—if the public only would keep still and not talk about the affairs of the bank at all—perfectly good. This has not done much to restore public confidence. Mr. Mills's death, which occurred while bathing, was at first supposed to be a suicide, but seems not to have been.

The sudden death of Chief-Judge Chapman, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, leaves an important office vacant in that State, and no doubt, by making possible all sorts of promises to all sorts of people, will be likely to render the approaching Butler campaign even more exciting than it would otherwise have been. The enemies of Mr. Dawes, by way of a reason for his silence on the question of the day, circulate the story that it was intimated to him some time ago that in case of a vacancy on the Supreme Bench—the chances of Judge Chapman's death being already a matter of speculation—it might be found that no one was so well qualified by character, intelligence, and profound learning to fill the post as himself. Probably their enemies are also circulating the same story about a number of different gentlemen. No office-holding politician of note has as yet come out in opposition to the General, and the influence of the Custom-house is undoubtedly on his side. It is useless at this early day to attempt to predict the result. In this city the struggle is watched, we are sorry to say, with a malicious sort of enjoyment, the average New Yorker having received so much abuse from the press of Boston for the shameful mismanagement of his domestic affairs under the reign of Tweed and Fisk, that he finds it a relief to know, and to be able to publish it to the world, that even in Massachusetts, among the children of the Puritans, there may be sin and error too.

In this era of journalistic enterprise, it seems strange that no newspaper has yet thought it worth while to send a commissioner to report upon the journey of Mr. Schofield to the Sandwich Islands, to discover what he is doing there, who he is seeing, what promises he is making the poor deluded Lunalilo on the part of the Government of the United States, and so on. We learn from a gentleman living at Honolulu, and likely to be well informed, that "negotiations for the cession of Pearl Harbor" to the United States and for reciprocity "are still impending," and that Hawaiians fear this as a step towards annexation. Our correspondent does not think this a necessary consequence. He says that "the planters and business men have wanted the islands annexed any day, but it makes no difference whether they are enriched by removal of sugar duties or not, for, rich or poor, they don't 'carry' the nation. The Hawaiians themselves will not be starved, intrigued, or bought into laying aside their national independence, and American diplomacy may as well act on that theory. They may still more republicanize their form of government, but in forming any foreign relations they would cling to 'state rights.'" The native population, however, is declining, and the islands are now and have for a long time been actually governed by Americans and Englishmen. They are sure to fall a prey sooner or later to England or to this country, but the method and time of acquisition are a matter of considerable importance to all of us.

Things look so badly for Sir John A. Macdonald, the late Sir George Cartier, and other members of the Canadian ministry, that the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, is reported as more fully than ever intending to dissolve the Dominion Parliament on the ground of palpable bribery in the last general election. If we are to take for true some additional disclosures made by Mr. G. W. McMullen, who acts much the same part in this Canadian scandal that Colonel McComb acted in our Crédit Mobilier scandal, there is every reason why Lord Dufferin should take this step. This will not greatly surprise any one who knows the nature of Provincial politicians, who have very little left to learn of ours; but before we take too much of this rather forlorn comfort, we should remind ourselves that while

we had the Crédit Mobilier all to ourselves, it is our side of the line which furnishes two of the parties to this new game of corruption; though, to be sure, it is our compatriots who were choused. Of these, one is Mr. McMullen above-mentioned, and the substance of his addition to his former charge against the Ministry and Sir Hugh Allen, who threw McMullen and his friends overboard after buying up the Canadian officials with the Americans' money, may be tolerably well judged by this taste of it: Sir Francis Hincks, being approached by the projectors of the new line of railroad, was asked what he thought would be a fair sum in payment of his services, influence, and so forth. He replied that he did not care at his time of life to take bonds, and that he thought about \$50,000 in cash would be about fair. He wished also a two-thousand-dollar clerkship for his youngest son. All of this it is fair to Sir Francis to say that he positively denies under his signature; but he admits the correctness of many of McMullen's statements, though he puts a different construction on some of them.

So long ago as July, 1871, McMullen was communicating with Allen and the Canadian Premier in reference to the proposed road. The Premier favored it; but another member of the Cabinet, Sir George Cartier, opposed it in the interest of the Grand Trunk road. Sir George's position was, however, flanked by Allen, who showed Cartier that the French party, in which lay Cartier's political strength, had been sufficiently purchased by Allen to make it necessary for Cartier to yield, which he did, and in return he took a good deal of money from the railroad people, with which he paid his election expenses. At about this time, also, Sir John A. Macdonald had money, and so had Hincks—"an indefinite loan of \$10,000"—and others; Mr. Langevin, for example, was promised \$25,000 for his influence in carrying the elections, and Mr. Ouimet, Attorney-General of the Province of Quebec, got \$6,000 for "services at Ottawa." Copies of telegrams and letters from Macdonald, Cartier, and the Ministerial Election Committee, give definite proof that these men had a great deal of the railroad's money; and if Sir Hugh Allen is to be believed, he paid out first and last, as he told his American associates, nearly \$400,000. But meantime, it had become necessary, or was thought or pretended to have become necessary, to throw a sop to the patriotic feelings of the Canadians by excluding the Americans from all participation in the enterprise, and so they were informed. Much negotiation took place, and at first they were to be kept out ostensibly, but kept in really, and the accusation is that to this device the Ministry was privy and consenting. At last, however, they definitely discovered that they had lost all hold of the Company, and, as now appears, they are endeavoring to inflict four hundred thousand dollars' worth of political and other ruin on the Canadian officials and on the great Canadian railroad and steamship magnate, who has hitherto seemed to show himself a great deal too sharp for them.

The English Ministry have been driven in their new Judicature Bill into abolishing one of the most venerable features of the British Constitution—the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords. The House, as our readers know, was the court of last resort for all cases not colonial or ecclesiastical, and one of the most curious scenes in London was the hearing of appeals by the two or three old "law lords" who in this dry business represented the whole body of the peers—the lay members usually abstaining, by honorable usage as well as from laziness, from meddling in what they did not understand. The scandal of having work of such importance imposed on aged volunteers has, however, been long apparent; now at last the bill reforming the judiciary and establishing a real Court of Appeals made up of lawyers has passed. At first it was only intended that this court should hear English appeals, Mr. Gladstone fearing the feelings of the Scotch and Irish would be hurt if they had to come into an English court; but the bar of both countries have protested against their exclusion, and insist on being relieved from dependence on the peers. So the whole of this curious mediaeval mixture of legislative and judicial power goes by the board, and the Scotch

and Irish bars obtain at least two fresh judicial appointments, each of considerable dignity and emolument.

The only other event of importance in the English news is the presentation of a petition to the Archbishops by 482 clergymen, asking for the establishment of auricular confession. The answer of the Archbishops appears to have been of a mild, deprecatory, and soothing sort, and has accordingly aroused intense indignation in the Evangelical section of the Church. The Archbishops have actually taken the matter into consideration, in order to see what the Rubric says about it. So at a great meeting held in Exeter Hall, and presided over by Lord Shaftesbury, he proposed, amid tremendous cheering, to "let the Rubric go to the winds," whatever that may mean, and, growing more excited, proposed, if the Church of England wavered in her principles, to "let her go" too. He asked one question, as a sort of touchstone, on which we should like to see an article in a woman's-suffrage organ, and that is, whether the friends of the confessional were willing to appoint "female confessors"? This was met by great applause from the audience, who are evidently in the gall of bitterness on the question of the equality of the sexes.

Apropos of the sex question, there comes the news that the Scotch Court of Session, composed of, we need not say, twelve old males, have decided that ladies are not entitled to matriculate or attend classes in the University of Edinburgh. The plaintiffs were medical students, and have shown themselves in every way worthy of the privileges they claimed; but the judges, far from taking that enlarged view of the common law by which Mr. Wendell Phillips interprets the duty of college managers, decided that the University was for men only. The Russian Government has been acting in a similarly illiberal spirit with regard to the Russian lady students at the University of Zurich. It has denounced them in a circular, which appears to be calumnious, charging them with bringing seeds of demoralization back to their homes, and orders them to return on pain of certain disabilities.

Lord Westbury, honorable as were his parliamentary services in reforming legal administration in England, and brilliant as was his success at the bar and in office as Mr. Bethell, Sir Richard Bethell, the Solicitor-General, and the Attorney-General, will perhaps best be known as the man in whose person the English Lord Chancellorship was more scandalized than by any man who had held it since Lord Macclesfield's day, now one hundred and fifty years ago. Not that intervening chancellors were impeccable; numerous deep topers, profane swearers, and loose livers of various kinds have sat in the seat of Bacon, Jeffreys, Macclesfield, Thurlow, Eldon, Wedderburn, and the other keepers of the royal conscience. But of all those none has been accused of corruption in office till in 1865 Lord Westbury was censured by the House of Commons for a nepotism that wore something of the look of rapacity, and was removed from office in Lord Palmerston's last ministry. Yet it is generally admitted that his punishment was disproportionate to his offence, and that indeed he might never have been censured at all, but that there was an opportunity, which very many were naturally and justly anxious to seize upon, of punishing the arrogance of the man and making old scores even. He was probably one of the most truly and genuinely arrogant-minded men that have lived in late years, and the well-known remark upon a domineering manner as revealing a domineering disposition—that it would have been indecorous and insolent as between the Almighty and a black beetle, characterizes very well his general demeanor towards his fellow-men. Add to this that he had the art of saying severe things in a gentle manner which was suggestive of a sincere pleasure in seeing the blood follow the knife, and the possibility that the vote of censure may have referred to other things than the Leeds registrarship becomes a near possibility rather than a remote one. Innumerable stories are told of his sarcastic bitterness. Lord West-

bury's downfall had no breaking effect upon him, and, indeed, a weaker man might have borne up under it; it was recognized that he was to some extent sacrificed to the exigencies of a party about to go before the country in a general election, and which hesitated to weight itself with the defence of a man whom the Opposition were attacking at such a moment and with so popular a cry of onset. At the beginning of a session, after a success at the hustings, his fate might well have been different. He was, altogether, no unworthy member of the company of able men whose names adorn the rolls of the English bar and bench.

Affairs in Spain go from bad to worse, but the Carlists have, within the last two weeks, been gaining ground rapidly. General Cabrinetty, who was one of the best officers at the disposal of the Government, was surprised, defeated, and killed, and his artillery captured, about the 9th or 10th inst. Since then, they have been following up their success steadily, and are apparently receiving recruits very largely both from the army and the peasantry. There can be little doubt that by this time the officers of artillery have gone over to them, and if so, there is every reason for believing that short work will be made of the mutinous battalions of the Republic, and that Don Carlos will be in Madrid before the close of the summer. He is receiving strong support in arms and money from the Legitimist and Clerical party all over Europe, and, as a proof of his confidence in his own fortunes, crossed the frontier on Tuesday, the 15th, and took personal command of his forces. It augurs badly for the Republican cause that the news came on the following Friday that a severe action took place before the town of Igualada, at the close of which the Carlists entered and "sacked" the place. It only needed these small successes, in the present demoralized condition of the people, to give Don Carlos the character of the coming man, and draw to his standard not only all Conservatives, but all lovers of a quiet life.

In the meantime, the "Republicans" seem to be doing everything that can be done by mingled folly and imbecility to help him. We gave a fortnight ago a list of the ministries Pi y Margall tried to form. He kept on trying, and with steady failure, until the 20th, when he, like Figueras and Castelar, was thrown overboard, and a new man, Salmeron, set to work. He on that day formed a Cabinet, and made a speech breathing out the usual threats against Carlists and other disturbers; but while he was talking some patriot exploded an Orsini bomb at the door of the Chamber, we presume by way of enlivening the proceedings. The Cortes then went to work to debate the new constitution, the resemblance of which to Nero's fiddling while Rome burned will be apparent when we say that Barcelona, Cartagena, Malaga, and Aleay have been the scene of insurrections of a more or less sanguinary character; that the army only exists in small mutinous detachments; that the most experienced generals left refuse to command in the north; and that the crews of five ironclads have revolted and run off with the ships. For whom they will declare of course nobody knows; but in the meantime the Government has proclaimed them "pirates." As everybody is doing what he pleases, four provinces, Andalusia, Murcia, Valencia, and Catalonia, have declared themselves independent cantons, not choosing to wait for the new federal constitution which the Madrid sages are draughting so laboriously, and which will probably furnish wadding for the Carlist guns. No such spectacle of moral and political disorder has, we think, been witnessed since the fall of the Roman Empire. Amid all the anarchy of the various French Revolutions the army has remained faithful and obedient, and has finally worked order out of chaos; but in Spain nothing seems to remain to remind one that there is such a thing as a national will and a public force. Under such circumstances Don Carlos, wretched a creature as he is, ought to win, because his victory will be the triumph of human intelligence and co-operation over brute confusion and blindness.

"CONSTRUCTIVE PUBLICATION."

THE press throughout the country has been engaged for some time past in discussing the prosecution of Mr. Dana, editor of the *Sun*, for an alleged libel on Mr. A. Shepherd, one of the members of the new government of the District of Columbia. The libel published in the *Sun* was, in brief, a charge of perjury and corruption in office, and the object of the prosecution, which was managed by the United States District Attorney, Mr. George Bliss, was to have Mr. Dana transported to Washington, to be tried there before a police court, which has, by a recent act of Congress, jurisdiction of the offence. Bringing to their aid the old rule of the English law that the offence of libel is committed not merely in the place of publication, but in every place where the libel is circulated, and copies of the *Sun* having of course been circulated in the District, one A. B. Williams went before the Police Court of the District of Columbia, made a complaint under oath charging Mr. Dana with the publication of the libel in the District, and with his oath an "information" was filed. Certified copies of the papers were sent on to New York, where they were laid by the United States District Attorney before United States Commissioner Davenport. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to mention this fact, because any one who is at all familiar with the politics of New York knows that when Mr. Bliss lays papers of this sort before any one, he lays them before Mr. Davenport, both of these gentlemen being prominent members of the same political organization, called by its enemies the "Custom-house Ring," and by its friends the "Republican party." Before Mr. Davenport Mr. Bliss had it all his own way. The Commissioner, though still young, is quite a Rhadamanthus, and he had no sooner seen the defendant than he evinced the greatest disgust and scorn, broadly hinted that if he did not admit himself to be the editor of the *Sun*, he would send him off to jail at once, and seemed to be strongly inclined to send his counsel with him. In fact, throughout the hearing, he appeared impressed with the belief that a United States Commissioner is a judge of last resort, with a general criminal jurisdiction of the kind usually exercised by drum-head courts-martial. However, he finally relented sufficiently to allow the law to take its usual course, and the case was then brought before Judge Blatchford in the United States District Court.

Into the details of Mr. Bliss's argument before Judge Blatchford it is unnecessary to go. It was in brief this: The libel having been (constructively) published in the District of Columbia was an offence against the United States. The Police Court, by the Act of Congress of 1870, had jurisdiction of this offence, and therefore, under the Judiciary Act of 1789, it was the duty of Judge Blatchford to order the removal of the defendant to Washington for trial. We must pause for an instant, however, to notice how different was the reception of Mr. Bliss's argument by Judge Blatchford's Court from that accorded it by Mr. Davenport. The Attorney of the United States in a United States court is usually listened to with attention and respect, and this was probably what Mr. Bliss expected to receive. For some reason or other, however, Mr. Bliss was treated throughout this case by all concerned with unmitigated contempt. In the course of his opening argument, he made an attempt to anticipate the line of reasoning likely to be followed by the defence, saying that it "was assumed to be extraordinary" that a person charged with libel "should be asked to prove" the truth of his charges "in the community where the evidence is to be obtained," and declared derisively that "you hear them tell that it is something 'unprecedented,' a 'grasp of despotism,' and all that," when Mr. W. O. Bartlett, of counsel for the defence, at once denied that he had used any such argument, and Mr. Bliss, on attempting to reply, was sharply reproved by Judge Blatchford, who asked him whether "it would not be well to wait until he heard the ground of the other side before he attempted to say what it was." To this Mr. Bliss answered that he had been requested by the leading counsel on the other side to state in opening what his ground was—a reply which seems to have been considered palpably irrelevant, and the game was begun

again by Mr. W. O. Bartlett, who warmly enquired of Mr. Bliss whether the insertion of the phrase in the information, "against the form of the statute," was "a mere blunder of theirs in pleading" or not. To this searching question Mr. Bliss was able to make no reply, and Mr. Bartlett proceeded to deliver an argument which it is unnecessary to examine at length; it was rhetorically of the "American Bastille" order, and began with this fine exordium:

"If your Honor please, this is an application for the performance of one of the most grave and serious functions which it ever falls to the duty of a judge to discharge. You are asked to commit a citizen of the State of New York to the hands of an officer of the Government of the United States, to be transferred to the District of Columbia, and consigned to a dungeon there, and his liberty staked upon the opinion of a police court of that District. It so happens in this case that the man whom you are asked to deprive of his liberty is one of the most distinguished citizens of this great State—a gentleman who, in the extent of his learning and the variety of his attainments, has few, very few peers upon the American continent—gentleman the purity of whose private character the most malignant enemy has never assailed. Yet, sir, if he were the most obscure, unimportant, unlearned, and illiterate citizen of New York, the question would be equally grave, because, in the possession of civil rights, all men here are his peers and the peers of every man, even of the President of the United States."

Mr. Bartlett having finished his speech, and having suggested that his learned assistant, Judge Shipman, who is a sound lawyer of much experience, gained as a United States Judge, "would present more at length the questions on which he (Mr. Bartlett) had lightly touched," adding that he had merely "skimmed the mountain-tops," but that Judge Shipman would "descend into the depths of the valleys, and bring up some further truths," his learned associate, Judge Shipman, declined to do anything of the kind, and sat still, upon which the fun with the District Attorney began again. Judge Blatchford, having first sternly asked Mr. Bliss whether he had anything further to say, decided the case out of hand in the simplest way imaginable, on the ground that the Constitution of the United States expressly provides that the trial of all crimes shall be by jury, and the Washington Police Court not having any jury, the defendant could no more be taken before it than he could be taken out of the country. The District Attorney then rose to make a suggestion to the Court, but the Court would not hear him, and intimated pretty strongly that the nature of his opening argument had convinced it that no argument of his could have any effect on a properly trained judicial mind. Mr. Bliss made two or three more attempts to address the Court, which were listened to with that sort of impatience with which a judge might be supposed to listen to suggestions of points of law from the prisoner in the dock, and at last had the pleasure of being informed by Judge Blatchford that he had thought it unnecessary to make any further examination or write any opinion, as the propositions of Mr. W. O. Bartlett seemed so plain that no consideration or study could bring him to another conclusion.

The first reflection that this decision suggests is that, if the powers that be wish to have a censorship of the press established at Washington, as no doubt they would be very glad to have, all that need be done is to have an act passed providing the usual machinery for criminal trials—a jury, and then, as every paper published in the country goes to Washington, to have the editors or publishers indicted and brought on to Washington for trial whenever it seems advisable. Mature reflection, however, will, we fancy, convince most people that the danger of any such monstrous attempt at an invasion of the liberty of the press as this is unlikely, for the very good reason that it is impracticable. There are published in the United States five or six thousand newspapers and periodical publications of all sorts; of these, the most powerful and the richest are almost all hostile in a greater or less degree to the existing Administration. They have been accustomed for two generations to the most unbridled license in political discussion, and they are just as much an integral part of the American system as the judiciary or the Executive itself. Under these circumstances, in case of any serious conflict between the man, or rather the party, "on horseback" and the press, we cannot but believe that the latter would soon assert its independence. Mr. Bliss has managed to

make the whole affair so ridiculous that it will probably be some time before another editor is attacked.

Still, though we do not regard the proceedings taken by the unfortunate District Attorney as likely to lead to a regular censorship of the press under authorization of an Act of Congress, it cannot be denied that the attempt may, on the eve of an election, be considered worth making by the Administration, and may give individual newspapers and editors a great deal of trouble. In the present disorganized condition of public opinion, such an attempt might or might not be publicly denounced. Whether it were or not would depend greatly on the popularity of the newspaper attacked. The Ring in New York very nearly succeeded, without any public remonstrance, in getting an act passed by the New York Legislature practically giving them power to incarcerate for an unlimited time and fine for an unlimited amount any editor or publisher opposed to them. If we consider for a moment what would be the effect of Judge Blatchford's implied opinion that, had the Washington Police Court been provided with a jury, Mr. Bliss might have carried off Mr. Dana to Washington for trial, we see the importance of the matter. There are in this country thirty-seven States and ten Territories, and in these forty-seven there are some fifty or sixty United States judicial districts. Every leading newspaper in the country circulates in most of these jurisdictions, so that if a libel published in New York is also published constructively by circulating it in Washington, it is not less published in Boston, San Francisco, New Orleans, and Philadelphia. That is to say, in each of these cities and in a thousand other places, the crime of libel is committed. More than this, it seems to be clear that with each copy of the paper circulated an additional crime is committed. At any rate, it is obvious that, in this state of the law, every time a New York editor "exposes a fraud," he commits an act which it only needs a properly drawn Act of Congress to make a crime in fifty different jurisdictions, and to subject him to fifty different indictments, fifty different arrests, fifty different involuntary journeys from Maine to Georgia, from Alaska to Texas, and fifty different sentences in as many different courts. That this should be law in any civilized country we cannot believe; but if it is, we sincerely trust that some case may come before the courts before long in which it will be authoritatively laid down. Libel is certainly a grave public offence, and every fair means ought to be open to slandered persons to vindicate their reputations in court; but to suppose that in this day and generation Government is to be allowed to hunt editors and publishers through the country on the ground of "constructive" publication, to drag them away from their homes, and deliver them into the hands of distant and perhaps venal courts (there was no reason in the world why Mr. Dana should not have been prosecuted in New Orleans instead of Washington, for his paper has been quite as libellous about affairs in that State as about affairs in the District of Columbia)—to suppose all this is to make a supposition so monstrous that we should have hardly thought it likely to be entertained even by Messrs. Bliss and Davenport.

THE BROOKLYN DEFALCATION.

THE failure of the Brooklyn Trust Co. has called forth a good deal of moralizing, and yet it has not all been by any means, as it seems to us, what the occasion either suggests or demands. The two things in the affair on which the press has fastened most eagerly are the overdrawing of his account by the President to the extent of over one hundred thousand dollars, and the lending of large sums of money on Georgia State bonds and bonds of the New Haven, Middletown, and Willimantic Railroad, which some of our contemporaries characterize as "crimes." Indeed, the *Evening Post* speaks of Mr. Mills's speculating in real estate as if it were one of the worst acts of which a man could be guilty. We are certainly not going to defend Mr. Mills's conduct; the consequences of his sudden death settled the moral judgment we must pass on it. No manager of a financial institution should so manage it that his death

must force it into bankruptcy, whether his acts be honest or not. It is an offence against morality, and one of a very serious kind, for anybody, if he can possibly avoid it, to carry on business of a fiduciary sort in such fashion that his death may ruin people. But then, when we come to condemn Mr. Mills, or anybody similarly situated, we ought to be a little careful both in selecting our points for reprobation and in selecting our language, if we wish our opinion to have any weight or to furnish anything in the nature of a contribution to morality. In the first place, there was nothing improper in Mr. Mills's speculating in real estate. Nearly everybody in New York has done it, more or less; nearly all the rich men in New York and nearly every other city in the Union have done it largely. Indeed, some of the greatest fortunes in the country and in the world have been built up by speculation in real estate, and we know of no reason, and have heard of none, for considering this an illegitimate mode of making a fortune. If it be, some of the most respected persons in New York are really disreputable persons.

But then, it may be said, he ought not to have speculated with other people's money without their knowledge and consent. This is perfectly true; and it is here that we touch on the sore spot in his unhappy case. No judgment on him, however, on this point is just which does not take into consideration the usages of the society in which he lived. He did not in the ordinary sense of the term use other people's money. He did what we fear a great many financiers do every day—overdrew his account at a bank in which he had a heavy interest. This has resulted most disastrously, but the atmosphere in which he lived was not such as to lead him to regard it, when he began it, as a breach of trust; and we fear this must be said, in spite of the positive prohibition of the charter. This was foolish and reckless and, in the president of a trust company, very reprehensible, but it is useless to call it a "crime," or to compare it to ordinary theft. It was, we have no doubt, though of course we speak without knowledge, what many managers of financial institutions in this city do nearly every day on a smaller scale. They overdraw their accounts more or less, and as long as their credit is good, and they feel that they can return the money on demand, they have no qualms of conscience whatever about it, and look upon it as nothing but what is called "a loan on call," such as men in Wall Street are making every day. This is a loose way of doing business, doubtless, but it is a way of doing business by no means uncommon. One hundred thousand dollars very likely seemed not at all a formidable sum to Mr. Mills. With his large possessions and his great financial backing, we suppose there was no particular reason why it should; but then death converts many trifles into hideous ruin. The loans on the bonds were simply, as far as appears, errors of judgment, and, as regards the Georgia bonds, were approved by a finance committee.

Now, the reason why this loose mode of doing business exists, and why so many upright men fall into it, and incur the risks to which Mr. Mills has become a victim, is obvious, and it reveals the real nature of the evil of which the Mills tragedy is an illustration. Great banks and insurance companies and trust companies, and other institutions whose business it is to handle vast sums of money, are *nominally* managed, and ought to be *really* managed, by boards of directors; but in practice their management is left wholly, or all but wholly, to one officer—sometimes the president, and sometimes the cashier. The responsibility thrown on him is consequently heavier than should be imposed on any one man, and the temptation to which he is exposed is greater than average human virtue can bear. Indeed, we do not think we exaggerate when we say that no human virtue can stand it unshaken for many years through all the vicissitudes and trials of American life in commercial circles. Men's characters change as years roll by, and their circumstances change greatly, so that seductions which at one time have no power, a few years later may have a great deal. Nor is it misfortune always that breeds temptation. Success, with its attendant audacity and hopefulness, breeds it just as often. Now, why is it that directors do not do their duty, and share in the management of the institutions which they father in the eyes of the public? The

answer is very simple. They have not the time. If you start a bank or an insurance company or trust company, and put on the board of directors unknown men or poor men, you may take it for granted that you will get no business. People will not entrust funds to their keeping, no matter what certificates of character you may produce for them. Nothing but the possession of money is in the commercial world a guarantee either of honesty or sound judgment, and this conclusion of the commercial world is no brutal and baseless prejudice, but a fair and lawful induction from ages of experience. That those who have made large sums of money for themselves are the fittest persons to take care of large sums of money for other people, is an impregnable maxim of sound finance. But the number of rich and well-known men is in every community but small in proportion to the population and the volume of affairs. Moreover, in a community like ours, they are sure to be busy, and terribly busy, and to be tolerably advanced in life. They have large masses of property of their own to look after, and most of them keep up the habit of "operating" and taking ventures down to the day of their death, and many are even such villains as to speculate in real estate. With all this burden on them, at a period of life when the nervous force begins to fail, they are incessantly solicited to allow the use of their names in boards of directors, and their relations to each other and to the community are such that they cannot refuse. So that there is hardly one of them who is not on a dozen boards and committees, and is not nominally responsible for vast transactions of which it is physically impossible for him to have more than the slightest knowledge. Consequently, whenever a bank or trust company fails, the chances are ten to one that we find the directors as much astounded as anybody else to find that some one of its officers has walked off with the greater portion of its capital. The newspapers expend their regulation column of morality on "the defaulter"; his friends prepare a petition for his pardon; and one or two of the directors are interviewed by a reporter, and declare that they are deeply mortified by what has occurred, and that they trusted the delinquent as they would have trusted their own father, and the whole affair is forgotten in a few days.

Now, what is the remedy? Of course there is the old remedy, on which we have to rely for the extirpation of so many abuses and the righting of so many wrongs—the growth of mankind in grace. But then, as the warmest optimist must confess, this is slow in its operation. Few of us have time to wait for man to become as good as he ought to be. Those who have property to preserve are, therefore, forced to resort to artificial means of supplying any lack of integrity he may still exhibit, and there is doubtless a certain lack of integrity in pretending to take charge of people's affairs for them and not doing it. How shall we awaken the consciences of our busy and useful rich men into a sensibility to this fact? It is difficult to see any way to this but in a stringent increase of pecuniary responsibility on the part of everybody who pledges his reputation for the soundness of any institution or enterprise. This might help in some degree to mend matters, but yet we doubt whether it would do much. The spirit of trust in friends and associates is too strong to be chilled much by anything short of penal legislation. If every director of the Brooklyn Trust Company had known that he would lose all his property if Mr. Mills overdraw his account, we doubt much if he would have looked after Mr. Mills's account a whit more carefully; but we dare say that if he knew he would go to jail if Mr. Mills did anything wrong, he would insist on knowing what he was about. But then, could we get financial institutions managed at all if board meetings were attended by policemen ready to carry off the members if the accounts were not straight?

THE COLLEGE RACES.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., July 19, 1873.

Of all the spectacles offered the visitor to Springfield this week, the first to occur that was at all exciting was the foot-race on Thursday morning. As for Tuesday's rowing match between Mr. John Biglin and Mr.

Ellis Ward, it came to an end almost before it had well begun. Ward's sudden sickness disabling him entirely. And, indeed, had both the men pulled through and crossed the score, the vast majority of us congregated in the city would have cared very little for this exhibition of professional skill. Beyond knowing that a boating man must lie about in the sun without any shirt on, so as to sunburn his neck and back till the newspaper correspondents report him to be browner than any of his competitors, most of us were unlearned in the art of pulling a shell outrigger; we were not able, then, to get much pleasure from watching for a minute or so the diverse methods of two oarsmen working at their trade for money—and oarsmen who were persons in most respects nowise interesting or admirable. Residents of New York might perhaps have contemplated one of them with some degree of interest. Of the five hundred dollars which he was to win he, we learned, was to have one hundred dollars for his share, while his backer, a relative of his, was to have four hundred; and the latter remarked to a member of the press, to whom he imparted this information and other information relative to other pecuniary transactions, that he did not wish the facts imparted to be made known, as, though formerly a "sport," he was "now in the political arena," to use his own expression—as indeed he is, having last autumn been elected upon the reform ticket. In general, the movements of these gentlemen gave little concern to anybody except a very ill-looking importation from this city of gentry of reforming proclivities similar to those above indicated; and everybody will hear with satisfaction that the Rowing Association has voted that professional trainers shall no longer be employed by the colleges.

The single-scull race on Wednesday between Mr. Swift of Yale and Mr. Dutton of Cornell University, was also an affair that attracted little attention, and occasioned little excitement except among the personal friends of Mr. Swift, who have good reason to be pleased with him. The spectators were few, the persons who had authority to appoint the day and hour for the race having ingeniously contrived to go wrong in this instance, as in nearly every other matter, from first to last, that required some organizing ability. They named the same time set down for the base-ball match between the Philadelphia "Athletics" and the equally distinguished "Boston" nine; they laid out the course at an unreasonable distance from the city, while the base ball men were within five minutes' walk of the Massasoit House; and they failed to provide a referee, or even to get together a majority of their own members at the starting-point. The upshot of their management was that the race was delayed for an hour, and the few who went down to see it waited impatiently in the heat, and developed a temper ill-suited for enjoyment. I must say here that the intentions of these committee-men were of the best, and that their courtesy throughout was unfailing, and in striking contrast with the behavior of most managers of most affairs similar to this; but in such matters nothing supplies the place of experience and administrative talent, and unless in future there is the same pains taken to secure a good central executive officer that is taken to secure a good referee—and the referee is, on the whole, the much less important personage—intercollegiate regattas will be vastly less pleasant and popular than they ought to be. And in further mitigation of the confessed incapacity of the collegiate committees, I may say that it was fully equalled, so far as I could observe, by the other authorities and managers, all and sundry, who were put to the test of the regatta week. Perhaps I should make an exception in favor of the State Constabulary force, which astonished the city police by making upon the gamblers and other sinners one of those familiar descents which have so great an effect in diminishing wickedness, and also in enhancing the repute of the invincible and incorruptible State Constabulary. But the exception can easily be made by any one who considers it required. None, I think, will be made in favor of the local committees, the hotel-keepers, and others upon whom the visitor was in a great measure dependent for information and comfort. The breaking down of the hotels under the unwonted pressure was a sight to see. One's worst enemy, if of an irascible temperament, might have been punished for the hostility of a lifetime by being set down at a Massasoit House table on Thursday to get his breakfast and dinner and tea. The national ability to keep a hotel I never saw so sadly discredited. The art of colonizing guests; the perhaps more difficult art of declining to take a man's money for a dinner when you have no dinner to give him or only a dinner at the end of half an hour and at the hands of a distracted though double-feed waiter—these arts the principal hotel-keepers of Springfield seem never to have learned. If I perhaps seem to make too much of these things, I need only ask the reader to remind himself for a moment of the final outcome of this general inefficiency. Half a dozen crews of fine young fellows, who for months have been practising vigorous self-denial; who have been working hard in honorable emulation; who at last have very gallantly rowed a beautiful race, are told at the end of it that nobody know

where they were at the finish; that some say one of them was ahead, some say another, some say another, some say another; that really the place of the three leading crews only and that of the last crew of all can be fixed. Worse still, if there be a worse in the case of so great a hardship, the men who are declared to have won the race are told that, had the surveyors of the course known their business, it is certain that another crew and not the declared winners would have taken the prize, and that, though they may take the flags, they were in reality beaten. For management such as this there may be forgiveness, but there is no excuse.

To return to the single-scull race. The few spectators of it saw something which very scantily repaid them for their ride down the Agawam road. The dust there was heavier than I ever anywhere else saw it. The square in Old Cambridge in time of drought was nothing at all to it—or rather was a place of streams and water-brooks in comparison. It was literally as difficult at times, and at times of frequent recurrence, to see the carriage that might be in front of you as to see distinctly before you in a driving snow-storm at dusk. The enveloping cloud filled mouth, nostrils, eyes, hair, and lungs, and incorporated itself with the texture of one's garments. I speak of this road to advise every one, pleasant as is the view of river and valley and cultivated New England which it commands, to keep far away from it on any similar occasion, unless it has been wetted down by a two days' rain after the dryness of the Massachusetts June, or unless the city of Springfield shall have done something to make it durable. Going down this atrocious thoroughfare to a point from which the finish of the two-mile course was distant a long half-mile, we could see at about six o'clock two single-scull boats coming down the beautiful river, which was as smooth between its green banks as a strip of blue steel. One of the two, so far in advance that at first we hardly believed it to be racing, we soon made out to be manned by an oarsman who, sure enough, wore the regular Yale blue. This was Mr. Swift, a Senior of the academic year just gone, who passed us pulling a long, rather slow stroke, and evidently rowing well within his capacity. Laboring some quarter of a mile behind Swift, and also rowing a slow stroke, came the red and white Cornell colors. As Dutton rowed past, occasionally pausing or half pausing, looking over his shoulder at his antagonist, and then settling down again to his hopeless task, I recognized in him a Cornell man whom in the morning, at the meeting of the captains at the Cornell headquarters, I had contrasted with the youthful representatives of several of the other crews. His apparent age and maturity, in which he did not greatly exceed others of his fellows in the Cornell crew, suggested the thought that a contest between men like him and oarsmen of twenty and nineteen was a contest between men and youths, between bone and gristle, and that the chances in such a struggle must be heavily against the crews sent up by Harvard, for instance, or Trinity, or Columbia. But I knew that a better instructed eye might probably judge otherwise; and the testimony of the single-scull race I found myself accepting readily as corroborative of such a judgment. Mr. Dutton rowed the two miles in about a minute (59 sec.) more than Mr. Swift's time, which was 14 m. 54 sec., and which is said to be the shortest time in which a course of that length was ever rowed over by any unprofessional oarsman in America.

The institution of a prize for collegiate pedestrianism is understood to have been a device of Mr. William Blaikie's; that it is under the patronage of the proprietor of the *Herald* is more generally known, that journal having some time since made the fact known to the several continents and islands. Mr. Blaikie has recently been led to the conclusion that Americans are defective in legs and in lungs, and at this writing he energetically holds the belief that not boat-racing itself, though boat-racing has come to be so much an affair of the calves and thighs, is half so likely as pedestrianism to deliver our countrymen from their bondage to the horse-car and sedentary complaints. He has therefore bestirred himself and has been mainly instrumental in adding to the aquatic contest this terrestrial feature, and he entertains the hope and expectation that in years to come the runners will be very numerous. Still more reasonable than it is would this expectation be were the conditions imposed upon the contestants less onerous in one or two particulars. The rule which requires a winner of the cup to enter himself at the end of the year and win it a second time before he can hold it as his own, will assuredly repel some men who would compete were the first decision final, and who, by the way, would as soon compete for a cup of one-half or one-fifth the value as for the cup now given, of which the value is five hundred dollars. There should also be more than one prize.

Thursday was a damp day, not too warm, but warm enough in its dampness to be close, and not damp enough to keep the dust of the ill-kept race-course at Hampden Park from rising beneath the wheels of the trotting sulkies. It was a trying atmosphere for the runners, of whom three appeared before the judges' stand at the ringing of the bell. Five had entered, representing respectively Amherst, Cornell, the McGill University in Canada,

Dartmouth, and Harvard; but the two last-mentioned had withdrawn, for reasons not positively known to me, but I believe the Dartmouth man was taken sick. Other alleged reasons that may or may not have had weight perhaps deserve a word here. It is said that objections were made to the entry of Mr. Bowie, the Canadian, on two grounds. One was that the terms of the invitation included only colleges in the United States, "in America," not meaning in Canada. The second was that Mr. Bowie is a professional runner, or at least "had run for money." The decision seems to have been that, in the first place, although "America," as used by our provincial friends and their English fellow-subjects, is a term into which they have imported some little ambiguity, Canadians may nevertheless compete. In the second place, Mr. Bowie, as I am assured by his friends, is so far from being a professional runner, that he is a gentleman of some fortune, who has this year taken second honors in law in his university. He has at different times run in races, and whenever he has won he has taken the offered prize—purse or medal.

The race was quite a pretty sight. The men came to the score in very light undress, and all were bareheaded except the Canadian, who at first wore an ordinary straw hat, which, however, he soon threw aside. He had a very businesslike look, although he was by no means so great a favorite with the audience as he was with myself—I, to tell the truth, having overnight been informed of his achievements in Canada on foot and on snow-shoes, and strongly advised by my informant to "make a dollar" by betting against the popular favorite. The favorite was such mainly, I think, because the reporters had got hold of him earlier and more frequently than of the others, and had given full descriptions of his being every day blanketed, sweated, and rubbed down, like a race-horse, and of his every day losing a certain amount in weight, although, after having been rinsed off with alcohol, he ate very large quantities of meat and, if I recollect right, potatoes. But he was still too heavy-looking when he came to the line; of his gait and carriage a description will not be needed by the reader who has observed the gait and carriage of a certain eminent pianist, of Russian origin, who has recently been among us. It was not a movement suggestive of swiftness. Very different in appearance was the man next him, the Canadian. He was of a very trim figure, slight but well-proportioned; his limbs were light and clean, and his rosy, provincial complexion showed that his spareness was not the result of sudden training down, but that he was of a naturally lean habit. The third runner had a promising look, but in comparison with the light compactness of the Canadian's figure his appeared rather loose-jointed. Each held in his hand a little roll of grass or paper upon which to clench the fingers easily, and at the word "go" they started, the pace seeming rather slow. It took them round the first half-mile, however, and in front of the judges' stand again, in two minutes and forty-nine seconds, the Amherst man leading, as he did almost all the time, though the Canadian and the Cornell man each were at one time and another in advance. They all kept pretty well together, the Canadian jogging along contentedly, Mr. Phillips of Cornell working more with his hands and shoulders, and Mr. Benton moving with a long step and with more of what the horse-fanciers would call action. So they went round the course three times, the crowd becoming more and more interested, and pressing forward on the track regardless of the warning of the judges and unheeded by any policemen. As the last half-mile is two-thirds done, Bowie, who is ahead of Phillips, suddenly passes Benton, and all three run hard. Only for a moment, however; for Benton, seeing his lead gone, and perhaps distressed, turns from the course and is out of the race, and Phillips and Bowie come up at a great rate, Phillips running in a manner to call out admiration for his courage and his speed. At a few rods' distance from the line I saw Bowie turn his head to see what had become of Benton, and as his eye fell on Phillips close behind him, he turned his face to the goal again; his hands, which had been on a level with his heart, he dropped straight and stiff by his side, and in a flash he was across the line. Phillips came in but a second and a half behind him, the winning time being 11 minutes and 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Bowie has made the same distance in the recorded time of 10 minutes and 40 seconds; and if every one did not run faster when alone than when somebody is running against him, I might give some very remarkable figures as to the practice time of the other runners. Those who witnessed this race will agree with me that with proper care as to track, entries, and prizes, it can be made a very welcome addition to the sports and spectacles of the regatta week.

Rowing down the river on Wednesday morning, and riding along the bank in the afternoon, it was possible to see more of the crews, both individually and as "teams," and it was more interesting to see them, than when they flashed along over the course in the struggle of the following day. In the old-time regattas this was not so. At Worcester, in the days of turning races, we could stand at the distance of a rod or two and see the beginning;

the eye could follow the boats all the way up to the place of turning; we could watch them as they came down along the mile and a half home; as they passed the stand going up or down, the very faces of the men and each motion could be distinctly seen, and the finish, like the start, was in full view. In the straight-away race little of all this can be done. Along the Springfield course there are half a dozen points where one may take a position on the high bank, and, looking down on the floor of the river, can follow for several minutes the course of the fleet of boats, and, for half a minute or so, can see the individual actors in the struggle. A thing long to be remembered I can easily imagine this sight to have been, and probably those spectators who contented themselves with this were wiser than the vast majority, who instinctively insisted on witnessing the last of the struggle, or trying to witness it. Really to do so was not easy, and the spectator reminiscent of the Beacon course along the Boston mill-dam, or of the course on Lake Quinsigamond, must have wished much for the one or the other of them as he looked from either the east or the west bank across some half a mile of water, and tried in the cloudy dusk to distinguish purple and white caps from lavender, or light-green and white from light-blue and white, or tried to make out whether Harvard, just under his feet, was ahead of Yale, away over towards the western shore, or was behind.

Nothing in the race itself, so far as I could see it, made so fine a picture as some of the practising which I saw on Wednesday, when several of the crews could be seen, each by itself, trying their boats in starts and in spurts, as I saw the Harvard Freshmen crew, and afterwards the University crew, under the momentary tuition of Mr. Blaikie. The performance of the latter crew was, to my uninstructed eye, perfection; it certainly was a beautiful thing to look at as the boat, under the impulse of the six oars moving like clockwork, went through the water at a rate that would have astonished the oarsmen of a dozen years ago, when sliding seats had not been thought of, nor hardly shells themselves; when college crews were not above rowing half their races in lapstreaks, and when twenty and twenty-one minutes was no very bad time over a three-mile course.

Before coming upon this crew we had been to one and another of the quarters, and also seen several of the crews on the water or embarking. First, we found the winners of two years ago, the Massachusetts Agricultural College men, standing under the tall trees at the foot of the steep bank of the river, watching one of the Ward brothers, a blue-shirted gentleman, looking something like an unlettered Connecticut deacon, who was oiling the grooves of the sliding seats, and otherwise caring for the boat. Like most of the other unprofessional boating men whom I saw at Springfield, these young fellows, with one or two exceptions, had the somewhat gaunt and anxious look which compels one to think that, full of spirit and determination and strength as they all are, they have not yet learned their business in the matter of eating and drinking and otherwise training themselves for a race. The lack-lustre eye and thin cheeks of at least one of the crew were ominous of the fate that was in store for them on Thursday, and seemed, to my mind, to justify the prediction of a skilled observer that the Aggies, as they are called—or the "Amherst Agricultural" as distinguished from the "Amherst Intellectual"—could not reach the score among the first three boats, and that with very little encouragement a man might reasonably bet that they could not be among the first five. One of their men, however, was probably the most accomplished boater on the river. "If I had five more like him," says their trainer, with whom we have fraternized and are smoking a cigar, "we could take care of this race." A sort of a Yankee Bunsby this Mentor and Palinurus was, with a dry sageliness, obvious and sound and unpretending, like the weather-wisdom of elderly farmers, whom he much resembles. One thing he could tell us, he said; if we had not been at Saratoga Lake when he and his brothers beat the Tyne crew and the Taylor-Winship crew, we had never seen a race. The first men in the world were there—by which he seemed to mean the Taylor-Winship crew, the Tyne crew, and his own, but perhaps not the Biglins. Only one thing was wanting to that race, he said—the Nova Scotians were not there; and upon this head he spoke with brevity, indeed, but with a sobriety and an earnestness which irresistibly suggested that it was sincerely a grief to him that the Nova Scotians were absent, and that perhaps it was as well for them that they were not present on that occasion. There never was anything like it, he said; at the end of the five miles all the crews were right together. As for to-morrow's race, the Harvard boys would win it. They had advantages over his crew as regards opportunity for practice, and, what was more, for becoming accustomed to boats.

This interview had been preceded by the embarkation of the crew. Dressed in their oldest clothes, this solemn little company carefully lifted their boat down the bank and into the water, and placed it cautiously broadside on beside the float. The captain, taking off his shoes, dips them into the river to wash off the sand and mud, and after the water has drained out

of them through a dozen holes, he places them inside the straps of his stretcher and gives the word, "Two and four," upon which two men take their places in the boat, a bystander or two holding her in place by the blades of the oars, which are lying in the rowlocks. Next "three and five" seat themselves, then bow and stroke, and then cautiously sidling out, in a second or two the almost invisible craft is going at racing speed down the river, and by-and-by we are driving down its bank and watching them and their competitors on the water. Or we are taking a look at some of the men on land, for some of them are not now at work, and do not intend to be till to-morrow. "Are your men going to be on the water to-day?" we ask one of the trainers. "No," he says, "they're goin' to church;" and his tone—which smacks of the Bowery, and suggests that he is not a nice companion for the young—indicates that he considers that "no kind of conduct."

Of the races themselves I cannot say very much. We saw the Yale freshmen most handsomely beat the crews from Amherst and Harvard, the latter faring very much as the Cornell man fared at the hands of Mr. Swift the day before, and Amherst faring somewhat better but not well; and we saw the finish of the University race, though most of us could make out but little of it with distinctness, so long had the race been delayed, so dark was it getting, and so imperfect were the means of distinguishing one crew from another. This latter is a thing that very badly needs correcting. But that Yale was pulling most excellently we could distinguish; that Harvard had crossed the line first we thought we saw; but that there was an oddity about the finish flags was certain, especially to those who had examined the course the day before, as the captains and judges ought to have examined it; that every boat that started was in at the end could be seen by those who stayed to count them all. Instead of that our party counted half a dozen of them, and then made for our carriages "across lots," so as to drive off early and keep out of the throng that blocked the road to Springfield and cumbered the ramshackle ferry-boat and bridge. A race splendidly rowed by the contestants and shamefully bungled by the managers, is what every one who saw it will pronounce it to have been.

THE NEW RÉGIME IN FRANCE.

PARIS, July 4.

THE elasticity of the French mind is truly wonderful. A few weeks ago it seemed as if everything was lost. One of my friends, who is perhaps now the first bibliophile of Paris, sent all his precious books to England, so that they should not fall into the hands of the Commune. "We are drifting into the legal Commune" was a sentence in everybody's mouth. M. Thiers appeared to all the Conservatives like the image of Death on the walls of Basle, conducting priests, girls, old men to the same fate. Now the nightmare of radicalism and Communism is almost forgotten. French society is again in an easy, happy mood, and everything is rose-colored. Radicalism and even republicanism have always had a somewhat factious importance; if it had not been for the complicity of M. Thiers, the former chief of the constitutional party, the Republican cause would long ago have been abandoned by all except zealots and by the working-men, for whom the Republic is the synonym of the destruction of the present social order.

The new Government of France is hardly conscious of its overwhelming force. It represents the end of the revolutionary period, and it is considered by the French nation as the preface of a constitutional monarchy. It is even now, under the name of republic, a real monarchy. MacMahon is the king; he reigns, and does not govern. He is a soldier, and is contented with receiving foreign potentates. He will show to the Shah of Persia all the splendors of Paris and of Versailles. He goes to reviews and holds a court. The political work is confided to the Duke de Broglie and to his colleagues; and the majority in the Chamber is no more a shifting majority, as it was in the days of M. Thiers; it is a solid, compact, invincible majority, which draws every day more Republican waverers to its side. Gambetta is nowhere, obliged to recite banal phrases on the anniversary of General Hoche, as an actor repeats a familiar song. M. Grévy has vanished. The man who so long presided over the stormy debates of the Assembly can now be seen in his shirt-sleeves at the Café de la Régence, playing cheerfully at his favorite game of billiards. M. Thiers keeps still a few ends of the broken strings which he had in his hands, but his glory is gone, and everybody will tell you that he is "played out," to use an American phrase.

The present Government is somewhat in the position of a man who does not know how to use his strength. It can make mistakes—it has made mistakes; some Ministers have not shown themselves equal to the situation. M. Beulé, who made himself a reputation as a scholar, has not so far proved that a good Hellenist can become a good home-minister; but with all this there never was such a strong government. Prince Bismarck has tried to discourage Marshal MacMahon; he has written to him with his own hand a

very overbearing letter on the subject of the Alsace and Lorraine banners which are displayed by some pilgrims (for with the fine season the fashion of pilgrimages has set in again); but the ill-will of a minister who has every reason to regret M. Thiers has only given more prestige to the general of Woerth and Sedan. The Duke de Broglie is not very popular with the diplomats; but the *hauteur* which belongs to his race does him good service in the Chamber, and he was covered yesterday with almost deafening applause when he said to Gambetta, who had advocated again a dissolution of the Chamber: "I don't wonder that M. Gambetta wishes this Chamber to die; he would not have allowed it to come to life; but as it was born without his permission, it can live also without his permission." What the French people admire in their rulers above everything is authority. M. Guizot had this authority, this *hauteur*, and it helped him during ten years. The Emperor Napoleon III. had it; there was power even in his silence. M. Thiers never had the true attitude of a statesman; he talks too much, he is too elastic, too malleable, too fond of intrigue; and it will, I suppose, always be a wonder how he destroyed, in the course of two years, his own power and the confidence which a distracted country had placed in him at a most critical time in her history.

The Duke de Broglie and Marshal MacMahon appear to me to be both endowed with this consciousness of power which is so necessary to the rulers of this nation; and if they can keep united, the new administration will promptly destroy every vestige of the revolutionary work of its predecessors, and prepare France for definitive institutions. One of my friends in the Chamber said to me yesterday: I am almost afraid to see the temper of the Assembly; our extreme legitimists, our *cheval-légers*, as we call them, are almost moderate now in comparison with the numerous deputies of the Centre, of the neutral political zone, who have so long been influenced by M. Thiers. They feel that there was no necessity for all the faults they have committed in order to please him, no necessity for temporizing and conciliating the radicals, for denouncing the treaties of commerce with England and Italy; they see that France is left alone in the world, and has no real alliance; that the radical doctrines had been spread with the permission and connivance of the Government in every town and every village; that the home policy and the foreign policy have both been weak, illogical, and powerless. Their anger against M. Thiers is equal to the confidence they once had in him. They can hardly bear with patience his occasional return to the Chamber. More than four hundred deputies vote now together on every question, and public opinion, influenced by this tremendous show of power, is forcibly drawn back towards a thoroughly Conservative policy.

Every government, however, has a germ of decay; this germ, under M. Thiers, was radicalism; in the new administration, we may call it clericalism. Most of the new Ministers are men with strong religious opinions; but religion and clericalism need not go together. The Duke de Broglie, who is the leader of the Liberal Catholics, and who has often been attacked by M. Veuillot, the leader of the Ultramontanes, is conscious that his real weakness lies in the fact that many minds do not make the distinction I have just suggested. He has been very anxious not to appear clerical; he has maintained several Ministers abroad who are noted for their irreligious opinions, and I may name M. Fournier, a notorious partisan of the abolition of the temporal power, who nevertheless remains in Rome.

The Liberals cannot but see that there is a religious revival in France, and they can hardly object to it, as it springs from some of the noblest sentiments. I have spoken to you, on various occasions, of the numerous pilgrimages, of the perpetual flow of travellers to holy shrines which had long been deserted. There is no doubt that this religious phenomenon is a sort of protestation of the national sentiment; when everything has failed on earth, men's eyes turn naturally to heaven. The mystic light which guides many a humble heart to Lourdes, to Notre Dame de Fourvières, to Peray le Monial, and such places is the same which once guided Joan of Arc to Blois and to Orléans. We may find also in this religious revival a protest against the crimes of the Commune. How was it that the fury of the Communists was chiefly directed against old and disarmed priests? It is a strange mystery; but is there anybody, whatever be his philosophical or religious opinions, who can meet a priest in the streets of Paris without seeing in his *soutane* the livery of martyrdom, and without feeling a sort of involuntary pity?

For all these reasons, the tide of religionism, if I may use the word, has been constantly rising since the war and the Commune; but any interference, any help of the state, instead of favoring this spontaneous revolution, would be more likely to stop it; it would interrupt the work of grace. The Government and the Assembly were unfortunately called upon, a few days ago, to give an opinion on a singular decree of the Préfet of Lyons concerning the civil interments which take place in that town. Lyons is divided between Catholics and unbelievers, equally fanatical. There are as many as sixty or

seventy civil interments every month; that is, interments which take place without the assistance of any priest. Walter Scott tells that even in his youth it was not uncommon to dispense with a minister at the funerals, such was the horror among the Calvinistic Scotchmen of the Catholic theory of prayer for the dead. The sentiments of the Lyonnese Radicals is not the same; they are not afraid of insulting by their prayers the power of God; they believe in no God, they do not believe in the immortality of the soul; they are pure materialists. Their funerals had become a public scandal, as they were made occasions for political manifestations in the most populous quarters of the town. The "Society of Free-Thinkers" undertook all the expenses, collected money to cover these expenses at the gates of the cemeteries, and positively hunted for corpses in the hospitals and in the poor families of the towns. The new Préfet, a very energetic man, one M. Ducros, put a stop to these scandals; but he somewhat overstepped the limits of the law, as he obliged every "declaration" of a death before the registrar to be accompanied by a declaration of the religion in which the deceased had died and would be interred. He decided that all the civil interments should take place at six o'clock in the morning in summer, and at seven o'clock in winter, and marked the routes of the processions to the cemetery. This he had a perfect right to do as charged with the police of the town and the cemeteries; he can make the strictest rules for all interments, but the Code Civil does not allow him to make any distinction between interments of one kind and interments of another kind. The law which instituted the French registry makes no mention of the religious faith either at the birth, or at the marriage, or at the death; and there is no doubt that if one of the interested parties refused to make this declaration, and if the whole matter were brought before the Council of State, the decree of the Préfet of Lyons would be annulled.

Political bodies do not act in the same spirit as judges; the law-makers are not the best interpreters of law, and the Chamber endorsed the decree of M. Ducros by a large majority. The Government felt that it was on dangerous ground. The Ministers did not represent the measure as applicable to the whole country; they pleaded the exceptional character of Lyons, still under a state of siege, and the political character of the civil interments in that town, the scandalous conduct of the "Society of the Free-Thinkers," and so on. The Chamber made a decisive reservation for the liberty of conscience and of religious worship; but it is not the less true that if to-morrow a respectable man of the Littré stamp died in Lyons, and ordered his friends to bury him without the assistance of a priest, as he had dispensed with this assistance all his life, he would be taken to his grave at an exceptional hour—at the hour, as a Catholic paper said, when all the refuse of the town is carted away.

The Lyons incident is not so important in its actual results as in the fact that it has impressed on the Government a clerical stamp. It is in the nature of the clericals, as it has been of the Radicals, to be more and more exacting. They will ask a heavy price for their support, and it will require much courage in the Duke de Broglie to keep them within bounds. It is long since I foresaw that the religious question would play as important a part in French politics as it does in the politics of the happy little kingdom of Belgium. There are two parties in Brussels, the Catholics and the Liberals, and the King acts between them as a sort of arbiter. But a long use of liberty has accustomed the Liberals in power to be tolerant to the church, and the Catholics in power to be tolerant to the heretics of all shades. We are not so advanced in France; and if the Belgians gain from us by copying our fashions and our manners, and robbing us of our books and dramatic pieces, we shall gain much by copying their constitutional habits.

RENAN'S ANTICHRIST.

II.

PARIS, June 21.

AFTER the persecution of the Christians under Nero, the church of Ephesus became for a time the centre of the new religion. The refugees from Rome fled to Asia, and the atrocities of Nero, mixed up with the traditions of the anti-Pauline and Jewish Christians of Asia, became, so to speak, the ground from which sprang the Apocalypse. At this very time, the Jews in Judea had been seized with a sort of moral fever, which M. Renan can only compare to the malady of the French mind during the Revolution.

"The causes of the crisis were ancient, and the crisis was inevitable. The Mosaic law was the work of exalted utopians possessed with a powerful socialistic ideal, and the least political of men; like Islam, it excluded the notion of a civil society parallel to the religious society." He says, a little after-

wards: "A nation which devotes itself to religious and social problems is politically lost." Judea, as a part of the Achemenid Empire, had been rather quiet; it remained so under the Ptolemies; but the revolts began under the Seleucides, when Antiochus Epiphanes attempted an Hellenic propaganda, and insisted on having statues of Jupiter everywhere. The Jews cared little for their political independence, but no race was ever so attached to its religious institutions. The Jews never formed a true nation, they always were internationals; the synagogue, the temple, the congregation, was and is their only centre of attraction; their true king is the doctor of the divine law—the prophet. Between the Romans and the Jews there was a complete, an incurable antipathy, as Rome represented a purely civil society, without any admixture of theocracy, a rational and secular government; the Jews had their own divine law, which was irreconcilable with the Roman law.

Renan describes in vivid colors the state of Jerusalem: 1. "The Roman party, composed of epicureans and voluptuaries in possession of the highest dignities of the church;" 2. "The Pharisaic middle classes, of the Josephus type;" 3. "The zealots, fanatics, mendicants, who fed their imaginations with prophecies, in a state of abnormal exaltation;" 4. "Brigands, robbers, ready for plunder;" 5. "Dreamers who were quietly praying, holy and devout personages."

The zealots, the low churchmen, formed the only active party; amidst the corruption of the high churchmen and the cowardice of the Pharisees, they were sure to become, in a crisis, the masters of the city. The popular mind was full of Messianic prophecies; the zealots did not conceal their contempt for their Roman rulers. Florus abandoned the town, and retired to Cesarea. "It was a very culpable act; an armed power owes it to the city which it occupies, and where there breaks out a popular revolt, not to abandon it to its own fury before having exhausted all the means of resistance." Florus once gone, it became evident that the Roman troops could only re-enter Jerusalem through fire and blood. M. Renan throws here some indirect blame on those who quitted Paris on the 18th of March, and in many a passage the zealots and the Pharisees remind him of the Communists of Paris and of the Conservatives who remained the inert spectators of the horrors of the Commune.

In five months the insurgents had become masters not only of Jerusalem but of Judea and Galilee; the Greeks and Syrians of the East resented the triumphs of the Jews as a personal insult. They were loyal to Rome and intensely hostile to a church who threatened all the old temples with destruction. Horrible massacres began at Cesarea, all over Syria, at Alexandria, at Cyr; the Roman legate, Cestius Gallus, soon arrived with an army, and laid siege to Jerusalem. He was defeated, and this victory exalted the zealots almost to frenzy. The Jews began really to believe that the work of Augustus would soon be destroyed, that the last days of Rome had come, that the Messiah would soon appear.

Vespasian, meanwhile, was preparing his campaign against Judea. He first invaded Galilee, slaughtered the whole population, and then arrived in Judea. In this intense fever, which augmented every day, the position of the moderate party was no longer tenable. Bands of plunderers, after desolating the country, had fallen back on the capital. Those who fled before the Roman arms came in their turn and brought famine with them. There was no effective authority; the zealots ruled; all those who were suspected of "moderatism" were massacred without pity. So far, war and its excesses had respected the barriers of the temple. Now zealots and brigands lived in the holy shrine; all the rules of legal purity were forgotten; the floor was soiled with blood. In the eyes of the priests, there was no greater crime. For many devout people, this was the "abomination" predicted by Daniel which should come in the holy temple on the eve of the last days.

All this history of the siege of Jerusalem, the details of which have been left to us by Josephus, reads like a nightmare. Everybody has heard of the physiological moment predicted by Prince Bismarck, when famine, anarchy, fear, fury, would drive Paris mad. The Commune was the climax, the true physiological moment. It only came after the great catastrophe. In Jerusalem it came before. The old sacerdotal families were killed. Jerusalem was in the hands of demons; during its long siege, Vespasian heard the news of the death of Nero. The conscience of mankind had at last revolted against the imperial murderer. The East had not rebelled; it was more occupied with the siege of Jerusalem than with anything else; but Spain and Gaul gave the signal of revolt. The legions one after the other made their *pronunciamiento*. They proclaimed Galba as Emperor. Nero saw at once that he was lost, and his only care seems to have been to prolong as much as possible the drama, the issue of which he knew beforehand, and to save his head and his body from the outrages of the executioners. When he had received the fatal wound from the hands of a friend who consented to kill him, as he had not the courage to strike himself the blow, the centurion arrived, and Nero, dying, told

him, "You come too late"; he added, "This is where fidelity is come to." Fidelity! how could he pronounce the word who had consciously been unfaithful to the most radical instincts of human nature, who had killed his mother, his wife, his tutor, his friends, who had outraged all the laws of Rome?

The Apocalypse, which seems at first the work of a wild phantasy, is better understood when you place its origin in the interregnum between Nero and Vespasian, when the whole world seemed convulsed, when not only the Roman Empire seemed tottering, but all sorts of meteors, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, astonished and frightened the nations. A false Nero had appeared. The true Nero had died too easily to satisfy the hatred of the Asiatic churches. Why could not the enemy of God appear again and die a sublime death in the eyes of God and the angels? This desire was father to the Apocalypse. The author addresses himself to the seven churches of Asia. He writes in Patmos, which was a naval station between Rome and Ephesus. The sombre enthusiast, thrown on its shores, has no eye for the calm majesty and peace of the Archipelago, for its azure sky; his eye is filled with awful visions.

Renan's interpretation of the long dream of John must be read in his book, and I cannot follow all its details. The four-and-twenty elders represent humanity. The lamb slain is Jesus, the paschal victim; the four beasts, full of eyes, represent, as in Ezekiel, divine attributes, wisdom, power, omniscience, creative force. The Lamb opens the book with the seven seals; the prophetic drama begins. As the first seal opens, we see the triumph of the Roman Empire, its apotheosis under the form of a white horse, with a crowned cavalier armed with a bow. The red horse means war, the revolt of Vindex, the revolt of Judea. The black horse with a rider who holds a balance means the famine under Claudius in the year 68 of our era. On the opening of the fourth seal comes the pale horse, Death. Then come the martyrs, who were slain for the testimony of God, when the Lamb had opened the fifth seal, and the signal for the earthquakes and meteors is given by the opening of the sixth seal.

All seems ready now for the consummation; but the fundamental idea of the Revelation is the constant adjournment of the final judgment. An angel imprints his seal on the forty-four thousand persons who belong to the tribes of Israel. The prophet shows us also the innumerable multitude of all men of all races who have been persecuted. The seventh seal is opened, but the consummation does not take place. There is a long silence; a new act of the drama begins. The seven archangels come forward with their trumpets. Every blast of the trumpet is a signal for some new phenomenon; earthquakes, shooting-stars, the invasion of the Parthians, which was thought imminent. We expect the end with the blowing of the seventh trumpet; but at that very moment begins a new drama. John looks on Jerusalem, and shows us only the temple preserved after long struggles. Two prophets will appear. At the sound of the seventh trumpet, the doors of the celestial temple open, and a new series of visions begins at once.

The church of Israel appears as a woman; before her is a red dragon; its seven crowned heads mean Caesar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Galba; the woman is delivered of a child, which is the Messianic faith, which the Lamb places next to God. All the following details apply to the dispersion of the first churches and to the persecutions. The first beast is the Roman Empire, which has conquered Israel for a while, but will be conquered in its turn. The second beast is Nero himself. By adding the letters of Nero's name in Hebrew, according to their numerical value, one finds the apocalyptic number of 666 (Neron Kaisar).

The scarlet woman, the new Babylon, is clearly Rome, which has corrupted the whole world, and persecuted the saints. The world, delivered from her, is ready for the Messiah. Nero, who has come to life again as the Anti-christ, fights the last battles of idolatry. Satan, the old dragon, is seized and bound for a thousand years. The millennium begins.

Notes.

"OUR Country's New Era" is the title of an address delivered before the Society of the Alumni of Wittenberg College (Springfield, Ohio) at the college commencement, June 25, A.D. 1873, by Hon. Jacob D. Cox. That the United States have entered upon a new era is universally admitted at home and abroad, though as to what sort of an era it will be there seems the widest diversity of opinion. Between the philanthropists, who think it is going to be an era of peace and love; and the prohibitionists, who think that it can be easily made an era of temperance and all the virtues which flow from temperance; the capitalists, who look forward to an era of material development; the journalists, who anticipate a period of truth and justice; and the corruptionists, who look forward to an era of unlimited plunder, it is not

to be wondered at if, as Mr. Cox says, many a young man just graduated should say to himself, "True, we are at the beginning of a new era," or that he should have a vague idea that it is a glorious thing, and that we are somehow in a more imposing and noble attitude among the nations; or that he should "not stop to enquire what the new era means, nor whether it implies any new relations or larger responsibilities for himself." Nevertheless, as Mr. Cox says, he ought to ask the question; for his first business in life will be to do his part towards impressing upon the future of the country the answer which seems to him to be the true one. If from laziness or selfishness he finds none, that negative attitude will also be of weight. The answer which Mr. Cox would himself give we have no space here to state in detail; but that it contains valuable advice no one who has reflected at all on the present condition of the country would be likely to deny. Mr. Cox's name is well known as that of a consistent and earnest reformer, who made, though unsuccessfully, a long and manly fight against party rule at Washington, and who afterwards showed, by his refusal to "accept the results" of the Cincinnati Convention of last year, that his enthusiasm for reform was not maintained at the expense of his common sense.

—On one point, the extension of the national territory by acquisition of that belonging to the outlying "Latin races," Mr. Cox's advice strikes us as putting the matter in the true light, in fewer and more pointed words than we have anywhere else seen it put:

"When we talk, then, of annexing a foreign country, we must mean one of two things: either that we propose to treat the population practically as we have treated the Indians—drive them out and destroy them by one process or another—or that we mean to hand over to them a proportionate part of the power to rule the whole country, ourselves included. If we mean the former, we are only making a conquest, whether we do it by force of arms or by deluding the people of the country into the belief that they may find profit in it. I have already indicated my belief that our race is unequal to the task of peopling the tropic zone, and that it will there find in that regard a competition with nature that it cannot endure. If we mean, then, what I think would be the real outcome of annexation in that direction, simply to unite with ourselves old communities whose race-characteristics would not be materially modified, and on whom we should therefore exert no more modifying influence than we now do, the result would be that for every representation of such a state in the Senate, we should have given away a large fraction of the total legislative power of the whole country; and in the representation in the House, we should introduce a strong reinforcement of passion instead of reason, of restless desire of change instead of patient faith in constitutional progress, of disposition to appeal constantly to revolution—in short, of all the tumultuous, corruptible, and corrupting elements which have made the so-called Spanish republics a burlesque on self-government. And this we should call national glory!"

—Mr. Herbert Spencer has undertaken the preparation of a work on "descriptive sociology," consisting mostly of tables accumulated for his "Principles of Sociology," of which specimens received from Mr. Christern, of this city, are now before us. Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be gathered from the fact that in the case of each human society, Mr. Spencer's tables, with the accompanying quotations and extracts, exhibit a tabulated statement of its morphology, its physiology, and (if a society having a known history) its development. The collected extracts, on the other hand, are to be classified primarily according to the kinds of phenomena to which they refer, and secondarily according to the societies exhibiting these phenomena; so that each kind of phenomenon, as it is displayed in all societies, may be separately studied. Societies are to be divided into three groups. 1. Uncivilized societies; 2. Civilized societies—extinct or decayed; 3. Civilized societies—recent or still flourishing. Table IX. of Division 1 ("uncivilized races"), for instance, relates to the Sandwich Islanders. First comes their inorganic environment (climate, etc.); then their organic environment (vegetable, animal); then their sociological environment (adjacent tribes), physical, emotional, and intellectual characters. Then follow the tables, divided into structural and functional, each of which is subdivided into operative and regulative. The "structural regulative" is subdivided into political (*civil [domestic (marital, filial) public] military*), ecclesiastical, and ceremonial (*mutilations, funeral rites, laws of intercourse, habits, and customs*). Under functional, the regulative is subdivided into sentiments (*aesthetic, moral*), ideas (*superstitions, knowledge*), and language; the operative into processes (*distribution, exchange, production, arts, rearing*), etc., and products (*land-works, habitations, etc.; food, clothing, implements, weapons, aesthetic products*).

—A genius that was hardly "cradled into poetry by wrong" passed from the world when Hiram Powers died the other day. Few penniless youths have received earlier or heartier encouragement. First noticed as a watchmaker's lad in Cincinnati, he became among other things a repairer of wax-works in the same city, and then a maker of busts among the Congressmen at Washington, where he got a good deal of work and made some money. With the

savings of this short but successful career in portraiture, and with some aid from Mr. Nicholas Longworth, his earliest patron, he went to Italy. Mr. Powers did not use the assistance of his patron to put himself at a good school, but quickly emerged as an independent producer in the lands of classic art, where Mr. Lister and Mr. Hawthorne show him intent to teach the Greeks rather than to learn from them. Virtually, Powers never lived in Europe; he is not known to have submitted himself to the estimates of Continental culture, or competed in Continental salons, or effaced natural self-esteem before Continental professors; he simply lived in that part of America which falls as a current upon the great travel-route in Southern Europe. It was easier in 1838 than it is now to be a Yankie prodigy, but the débüt of Powers with a statue of Eve showed real promise, and Thorwaldsen's generous approval was not misplaced. The next achievement, "The Greek Slave," designed to order for Captain Grant of the British Army, became a curiosity of popular and mercantile success. The original is at Raby Castle, having been bought by the Duke of Cleveland; a copy was next made by the Duke's permission for Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, and has been transferred with his gallery to the American nation; a third fac-simile was cut for Mr. A. T. Stewart, a fourth for the Earl of Dudley, a fifth for Prince Demidoff, and a sixth for E. W. Stoughton, of this city. The Slave was beyond doubt an historical achievement; in literature, it was taken up by Mrs. Browning, who was good-natured enough to go into a good deal of agony on the subject; in commerce, if we make a standard of the last sale of it (that with the Demidoff Collection, at 53,000 francs), Mr. Powers enriched the world with this single conception by about \$33,600. His production subsequent to this masterpiece has never lacked popular success, whether in ideal subjects or portraits. In the tourist circles of Florence he has long had the advantageous position of the lion. In attempting the beautiful, Mr. Powers reached a reposé which bears at first sight a resemblance to style; but what really distinguishes such of his subjects is their platitude of surface, imperfect vitalization, and want of charm. With his death, the moment comes when his fame must pass from rewards-to-work—a travail for very existence. In the mechanics of his art he was supreme; admirably adapted to take the head of a great marble establishment, he trained his carvers to perfection, while he almost took them off their feet with the spectacle of labor-saving American inventions continually applied to European laboriousness; no negligent work left his atelier. We are not apprised whether his discovery in modelling with soft plaster, and his ingenious forms of tools, go to the benefit of art at large. His inventiveness and mechanical faculty were very great, and are in themselves a fair claim to renown. His death, on the 27th ultimo, was at the age of very nearly eighty-eight; his birth, which occurred near Woodstock, in Vermont, having been on July 29, 1805.

—Among English books newly published or announced as soon to appear we find not many that are of great importance. Of religious books, the list as usual is rather longer than that of works ranged under any other head, even fiction yielding to theology and religion. Longmans announce "The Chronology of the Bible and Historical Synchronisms," by that able writer if not always safe theorist, M. Ernest de Bunsen; Macmillan & Co. will publish an octavo volume of "Sermons Preached in Country Churches," by the late F. D. Maurice; Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Sermons Preached in St. James's Chapel" have reached a fifth edition; Bishop Colenso has published (Longmans') "Lectures on the Pentateuch and the Moabite Stone," with appendices on the following-named subjects: The Elohistic Narrative, the Original Story of the Exodus, and the Universality and Meaning of the Pre-Christian Cross; Mr. Mowbray, of Oxford, publishes a new edition of a clever and successful little anti-Evangelical squib called "The Deformation and the Reformation," which, besides some fun for the worldly, has in it not a few grains of profitable instruction and reproof for various sorts of Churchmen; what "Common-Sense Theology" may be we do not know, except that it describes itself in its second title as "Natural Truths in Rough-Shod Rhyme"; we mention it because of its going to England from Lewiston, Maine; "The Eastern Church" is a popular essay on the history, documents, liturgies, and vestments of the Greek Church, has reached a second edition, and has a preface by Dr. Littledale; a revised edition of "The Voice of the Last Prophet," is the Rev. Edward Huntingford's "Practical Interpretation of the Revelation of St. John the Divine"; translated from the German of Dr. Theodore Reim we have the first volume of "The History of Jesus of Nazareth, considered in its connection with the National Life of Israel"; also from the German, the translator being Mathilde Blind, we have an authorized English rendering of the sixth edition of D. F. Strauss's "Old Faith and the New: A Confession"; Mr. Max Müller has collected into a four-hundred page post octavo four essays entitled "An Introduction to the Science of Religion," and two essays entitled "False Analogies and the Philosophy of Mythology."

—Of books related on one side to religion, and on the other side to something else, we may mention two. One the *Bookseller* places under the general heading "Charlatanism." It seems to be something in the nature of "a friendly controversy between Moses Hull, Spiritualist, and W. F. Parker, Christian," in which Mr. Hull apparently conceives himself to have got rather the better of Mr. Parker, as it is he who publishes the account of the discussion. The volume bears the title, "W. L. Spiritualism or Christianity?" and is a small duodecimo of 178 pages. This work, also, like the theology in roughshod rhyme, hails from this country, and is set down as coming from Boston and New York. The other book to which we have alluded as related to religious works is Mr. William Longman's interesting "History of the Three Cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul in London." We copy the rest of the title-page: "With reference chiefly to their Structure and Architecture, and the Sources whence the Necessary Funds were derived. With six engravings on steel, and nearly fifty woodcut illustrations." We have said that this "History" is of interest to the religious reader, but to how many other and widely different classes of readers it makes appeal is readily seen when we bethink ourselves that no collection of play-books, no poetical collection including our dramatists, no library of prose fiction, no history of bourses and exchanges, no collection of our English essayists, can fairly be called complete unless it contains this description of the Old Saint Paul's that went down in the great fire of 1666, after standing, complete and incomplete, nearly six hundred years—from the time of the Conqueror to the time of Newton. Here is what Bishop Earle, writing in the middle of the seventeenth century, says of the middle aisle of the cathedral, "Paul's Walk," at the period when the strange desecration of it was at its height:

"It is the land's epitome, or you may call it the lesser isle of Great Britain. It is more than this, the whole world's map, which you may here discern in its perfectest motion justling and turning. It is a heap of stones, and men with a vast confusion of languages; and were the steeple not sanctified, nothing like Babel. The noise in it like that of bees, a strange humming or buzz of walking tongues and feet: it is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatever but is here stirring and a-foot. It is the synod of all pates politie, jointed and laid together in most serious posture, and they are not half so busy at the Parliament. It is the antic of tails to tails, and backs to backs, and for vizards you need go no further than faces. It is the market of young lectors, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the general mint of all famous lies, which are here, like the legends of Popery, first coined and stamped in the Church. All inventions are emptied here, and not a few pockets. The best sign of a temple in it is, that it is the thieves' sanctuary, which rob more safely in a crowd than a wilderness, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expense of the day after plays, tavern, and a bawdy house; and men have still some oaths left to swear here. It is the ears' brothel, and satisfies their lust and itch. The visitants are all men, without exception, but the principal inhabitants and possessors are stall knights and captains out of service; men of long rapiers and breeches, which, after all, turn merchants here and traffic for news."

PROFESSOR CAIRNES'S ESSAYS IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

PROFESSOR CAIRNES is well known in the United States as the Englishman whose masterly exposition of the origin of the late civil war did more than any other agency—though we admit that no agency did much—to enlighten public opinion in England with regard to the real nature and probable issue of the conflict. He is less widely known on this side of the water as an economist; but he has borne a very prominent part in all the momentous sociological discussions by which England has been agitated during the last fifteen years; and this in spite of a struggle with ill-health which compelled him to resign his professorship in Queen's College, Galway, and more recently a similar position in University College, London. The volume before us consists of a number of essays which have appeared in various English periodicals during the above period; some of them, as those on the gold question and on the land question in Ireland, being applications of political economy to problems of contemporary politics; and others, such as that on the *laissez-faire* doctrine, and the reply to M. Comte on the claims of political economy to be considered a science, are theoretical discussions, though of great interest. The articles on the gold question are pieces of work which exhibit political economy in its very best aspect. They are attempts, made soon after the discovery of the gold-fields in California and Australia, to forecast the probable effects of the enormous additions then impending to the circulating medium of the world on production and distribution; and the fact that Mr. Cairnes produces them fourteen years after their publication, and challenges an examination of his predictions "in the light of subsequent events," is as good an illustration as we could offer of the

care and perspicacity which he has brought to the performance of his task. In fact, we could hardly put into the hands of a student a better specimen than these papers afford of the way in which an economist of the best class performs one of the most difficult of his functions—"the thinking out" of the probable course of a given set of phenomena. A considerable number of modifications might, we think, be made in his conclusions as to the effect on wages and profits of the increase in the volume of gold as regards this country, though we doubt if American experience affords any excuse for doubting his findings with regard to general tendencies. Some of his remarks on the curious inclination to protection wrought in the Australian mind by the gold discoveries, throw valuable light on the secret of the success of protective ideas in new countries. There is one point on which Mr. Cairnes has not touched, and on which he was perhaps not bound to touch, in estimating the cost of gold, and that is the proportion borne of late years by the results of gold-mining to the capital invested in it. This is a matter in which California has had some very valuable experience, which, so far as we know, no economist has yet turned to account. We believe the most careful observers in that region are firmly convinced that for the last fifteen years at least the Californian contribution to the annual product has been made at a positive loss, or, in other words, that the thoroughly aleatory character of the pursuit and the traditional influence exercised on the imagination by the precious metals has drawn into the search for them a far larger amount of capital and labor than it can remunerate at the average rate of profit and wages, or, in other words, that the average returns of this species of industry have fallen below those of every other in the State. This is a curious phenomenon which will repay more investigation than it has ever received.

The most important of Mr. Cairnes's essays are, however, three in which he seeks to define the position of political economy, both in the field of morals and in that of science—"Political Economy and Land," "Political Economy and *Laissez Faire*," and "M. Comte and Political Economy," in reply to the attacks of two classes of depreciators. The first is composed in about equal parts of humanitarians and labor reformers, and the second of scientific men of the Comte school; and for dealing with both, Mr. Cairnes has the prime essential of perfect candor. He extenuates nothing, and shirks nothing; but he shows some signs, as it seems to us, of a weakness which more than one economist of our day has displayed—in seeking to soften down the harsher features of the science, in deference to the popular demand for fuller play of the principle of love in the regulation of the social relations. He confesses that political economy has of late years fallen considerably into disrepute with progressive people, owing to the implacable opposition which many of its leading professors have offered to all attempts at legislative interference with free competition, and to their reckless preaching of what he considers the worn-out doctrine of "*laissez-faire*." *Laissez faire* he holds to be a rule of art, or a temporary expedient, and not a principle of science, and to have been a good enough rule in the days when it first began to be preached, when the world was suffering from overregulation and interference. But in these days of all but complete liberty, he holds that further reliance on it is positively mischievous, as either turning people's attention away from the benefits which may be conferred on society by government considered as the organized co-operation of the entire community, or as inspiring with hatred or distrust of economical science those who still have faith in the power of the community to better itself by active exertion. That he considers the rule wholly unsuited to our present exigencies he does not deny, and he points to the failure of free trade to fulfil the extravagant predictions of its early advocates in regard to pauperism, as an illustration of the folly as well as danger of too great reliance on it.

Political economy, he points out in an admirable passage, is not interested in and not connected with any particular form of government or mode of production or distribution. It, like all other sciences, is occupied with discovering and explaining the laws of the phenomena of wealth. It has nothing to say to the expediency of any system of legislation. What astronomy does for the phenomena of the heavenly bodies, what dynamics do for the phenomena of motion, etc., etc., that political economy does for the phenomena of wealth; that is to say, it expounds the facts of production, exchange, price, profits, rents, interest, and so on, but it does not say in what way it is best to produce or exchange any more than astronomy prescribes the hours at which we ought to go to bed or how to take care of our eyesight. Science as such has no practical end in view. All this is a much-needed discourse, and is addressed in particular to that large number of persons who fancy that political economy teaches that everybody ought to make as much money as he can, and that the shortest road to national riches is to let everybody make money in his own way without let or hindrance. But then, when Professor Cairnes rebukes political economists for ever abandoning a perfectly neutral attitude, or saying that political economy "sanctions" this or "condemns"

* Essays in Political Economy, Theoretical and Applied. By J. E. Cairnes, A.M., Emeritus-Professor of Political Economy in University College, London.

or "approves" that social arrangement, he makes too great an effort, as it seems to us, for the conciliation of unbelievers. It may be quite true the dicta of political economists on many points lead the working-men, for instance, to dislike and deride political economy and refuse to be governed by its teachings; but this seems to be a poor reason for pretending that certain social arrangements are not condemned by political economy, or that political economy has no lessons for the legislator. Undoubtedly it has, and if so, why not say so? There are social arrangements the results of which political economy enables us to predict will be evil. If it does so, we say political economy condemns them; if any class is so foolish as to abuse political economy on this account, it does not furnish us with an excuse for altering our phraseology. It is true we do not say that chemistry or physiology "condemns" the eating of bad food or the abuse of alcohol, but it is nevertheless true that it does so, and true in the same sense in which we say that political economy declares any man to be unwise who tries to keep down the premium on gold by prohibiting speculation in it. We cannot predict consequences of human conduct, even in economical matters, without borrowing the terminology of moral science; and unless political economy enables us to predict at least tendencies, whether bad or good, of what value is it? If a man were to hate astronomy because he disliked eclipses, we should let him rail; but we should not give up calculations, or cease to announce their results.

The Isles of Shoals: An Historical Sketch. By John Scribner Jenness. (New York: Hurd & Houghton.)—The author of this little work has judged rightly that the vicissitudes from which none of the settlements of man are exempt, are in the case of this barren cluster of islands as interesting if also as melancholy as they are generally apt to be. In the long interval between the height of their importance as a fishing entrepot and their present growing importance and almost exclusive value as a watering-place, the Shoals have seen their population shift from one island to another, decline with the fisheries, and, within a few years, after having for half a century been an object of missionary solicitude, afford no longer the shadow of a parish to even the most zealous saver of souls. Champlain first described these islands in print; Capt. John Smith named them after himself, and wanted to appropriate them, but did not succeed. They were loyal to the King against Parliament and the Protector, to the Church of England against the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, to the mother country against the rebellious colonists. They have been under the jurisdiction of three different States, and though situated beyond easy reach of the sheriff and the tax-gatherer, generally left to their own devices of indifference and non-resistance to the authority of the main, worthless for agriculture, and of no value now for fish, they still owe a divided allegiance to Maine and to New Hampshire. The two men who, in settling a difficulty by a square stand-up fight, "agreed to heave the law one side," fairly represented the independent manners of the Shoals. Very early in their history women were excluded by statute from these islands, but they were brought there, honestly or dishonestly, as if no such law existed; and, after the Revolution, such was the moral decay that had set in, that the marital relation was often entered into without the sacrament of marriage, and annulled at the whim of the parties, without the sanction of a divorce. A missionary to the islanders, some time after the beginning of the present century, "found it impossible to make a record of their ages, as all memory on that subject had been lost; according to tradition, their very language had so degenerated as to be understood with difficulty by the people of the mainland." A meeting-house that had stood for seventy years was wantonly burned down by a gang of fishermen in 1790, so that, when another was to replace it in 1800, the Rev. Jedediah Morse recommended that the walls should be built of stone, as having "two great advantages over wood: the inhabitants cannot burn it for fuel, and it will be imperishable." The walls of this structure are still standing. It was used during week-days as a school-house; served at all times as a useful landmark; and occasionally was "turned to good account in the drying and storing of codfish." The Rev. Mr. Moody, pastor to the Shoals in 1822, reckoned that 31 male inhabitants and 16 hired men consumed six hundred gallons of rum in less than three months. In 1840 the cause of temperance was "slowly advancing. About forty belong to the Temperance Society, which excludes all intoxicating liquors."

This entertaining narrative is illustrated with a number of cuts and two folded maps—one of the Shoals, and the other "an exact copy" of the chart which accompanied Captain John Smith's 'Description of New England,' published "shortly after his arrival in England" from his explorations of 1614. Here the author is not quite exact, as his fac-simile map speaks on its face of Prince Charles "nowe king"—i.e. post 1620,

and indeed, as the name Salem shows, *post* 1629. The fact is that Smith first issued his chart in 1616 (the date of his 'Description'), and altered it for succeeding editions so that it is found in nine different conditions. When Mr. Veazie, of Boston, reprinted Smith's 'Advertisements' of 1631, he grafted upon the original the latest form (date unknown to us), and it is this which Mr. Jenness has reproduced.

New England: A Hand-book for Travellers. A guide to the chief cities and popular resorts of New England, and to its scenery and historic attractions; with the western and northern borders from New York to Quebec. With six maps and eleven plans. (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.)—A traveller's hand-book is nothing if not accurate, and the editor of this one very wisely requests "bona fide corrections or suggestions" from either travellers or residents. We shall endeavor to point out several mistakes he has made, premising, however, that we say nothing as to the possibility by revision and correction of making the book perfect. The mistakes we have noticed come thickly, and some of them are glaring. Until then it may be useful in indicating unfamiliar routes, and giving the traveller local information of a sort not generally accessible; still it is possible that by a total revision the errors may be weeded out, and the general plan of the book, which is certainly a good one, made perfect.

In the descriptions of the college buildings at Cambridge (p. 31), the Lawrence Scientific School is spoken of as "back of" Holworthy Hall; on the next page it is "opposite" the same hall; both these statements are, strictly speaking, true, but they are confusing, because it is difficult to understand how one building can be opposite and at the same time back of another. In fact, a street runs between the two. Again, on p. 31, Thayer Hall is spoken of as ornate—a ridiculous epithet, for the building is one of the simplest in the yard. Matthews's Hall, which is no more like Thayer than the two names are, is also called "ornate" on the same page; the epithet is correctly applied here. On the same page, Weld Hall is spoken of as "modern Mansard-roofed." It is, in reality, so far as it has any architectural character, Elizabethan, and there is not a brick in the building which could suggest to any one who had ever seen it the notion of Mansard architecture. On the same page we find "University Hall is the seat of the University Government, which consists of the President and six Fellows, with a second branch (Board of Overseers) elected by the Alumni"—a statement utterly misleading, for the only branch of the College government which has its seat in University Hall is the College Faculty; the Corporation (President and Fellows), as well as the Overseers, usually, and we think always, meet in Boston. We have never heard of their meeting anywhere else. On page 32, there is a description of Memorial Hall, which is said to be a "stately edifice now building, whose simple and massive architecture contrasts strongly with the Renaissance style of the other new buildings." It would be difficult to convey an impression of the extraordinary character of this comparison to a reader who has not been on the ground; it is very much as if a writer were to say that the simple architecture of the Town Hall at Newport affords a pleasant contrast with the Moorish arches of the old stone mill. These mistakes seem almost enough, but we must notice in addition the omission of any allusion to the college holidays. For a traveller who is making the tour of New England, it is quite as important to know on what day of the month Class day and Commencement fall as to be told that Margaret Fuller was "a fine linguist and conversationalist," and "became an enthusiastic transcendentalist," but was finally "wrecked and lost on the New Jersey coast."

In the account of Marblehead, the editor says: "At this town is laid the scene of Whittier's poem, 'Skipper Ireson's Ride.' Many years ago, Captain Ireson refused to take off some of his townsmen from a drifting wreck, because of the expense of feeding them all the way home. On his return, the citizens tarred and feathered him, and rode him, in one of his own boats, to Salem and back, he remaining silent and unresisting. Whence the refrain:

"Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead."

This, however, is not the refrain at all; the poem is written in the Marblehead "dialect," and there seems to be no reason why it should not be left as Whittier wrote it. Under the title "Marblehead Neck," it is said that "Massachusetts Bay was stocked with cunners (black-fish) by some Bostonians, and these delicious fish have propagated rapidly." It is hardly necessary to say that the cunner is no more like the black-fish than it is like the cod. The Marbleheaders have not a reputation for a very Christian or philanthropic spirit, and it is possible that some of the natives may have practised an imposition on strangers by persuading them that they were feasting royally on black-fish, when in reality they were eating cunners; how else the confusion can have arisen we cannot imagine.

We have no space to examine this 'Hand-book' at length. The mistakes we have mentioned were discovered casually in merely turning over the leaves. We have found several inaccuracies and omissions besides those we have mentioned.

Hap Hazard. By Kate Field. (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.)—Miss Field half disarms criticism by giving to her book its unpretentious title. But not all of its contents are unpretentious. Miss Field fearlessly undertakes to pass judgment on French morals, on the English system of government, on the character of the American man, on the rights of woman, on profuse expectoration, on the Tory party, and on a dozen or two other things concerning all of which she has a very decided opinion. This opinion, which is as likely to be right as wrong, Miss Field smartly rattles off in a manner not suggestive of the profoundest reflection, and the result of her utterances thus delivered is a peculiar book of a kind much in favor in some quarters. As for French morals, to speak of one or two of the matters to which Miss Field has turned her attention, they are bad, very bad. French dishonesty is "enough to spoil Anglo-Saxon tempers." French shopkeepers flatter and "lie" with unbounded effrontery. Every Frenchman looks on every woman he sees as a "probable or possible *fille de joie*." "As for Frenchmen, the less said the better," in regard to their professed respect for women. "The breeding of the Latin races is, as a rule, skin deep." Germans, on the contrary, can be sentimental over women; but try to imagine a German looking on a woman as an intellectual being! The attempt, we are given to understand, would be entirely vain; "woman in Germany is an inferior animal." As for the English system of government, Miss Field does not approve of it. She was present at the opening of Parliament a year or two ago, and when she came away, a woman said to her in the street, "For the love of God, good lady, sweet lady, help a poor woman who is starving. Buy a few flowers; do, dear lady." "This," says Miss Field, "is the cry that meets me as I leave the Houses of Parliament. I think of the men in gold-lace paid to do nothing; I think of the House of Lords; I think of the Seven Dials," and she is at once of opinion that the British government should be republican in form. In considering this class of questions, she evidently has been much impressed by Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Auberion Herbert, both of whom she mentions in terms of warm praise.

Upon indiscriminate expectoration Miss Field is diffuse, and, as we might have been sure beforehand, she justly and severely condemns it; but for particulars, we must refer the reader to her chapter entitled "Ruminating Animals," which is entirely devoted to this subject. It may serve to show foreign commentators on American manners that we have a home-born party whose members disapprove of this habit as unreservedly as any foreigner can, and who, in the face of popular clamor, dare to be outspoken against it. Equally severe is Miss Field upon those Americans who, though they may not use tobacco, are deficient in other points of breeding, and, when travelling in Europe, give a bad and false impression of the rest of their countrymen and women. True culture and refinement Miss Field does not expect from every American; but at least Americans abroad need not be silly snobs and worshippers of rank, which Miss Field finds so many of them to be that she has been compelled to think now and again that we empty our "idiot asylums" into Europe. She has often been mortified very much by what she has seen and heard of the vulgarity of such Americans.

The manner of Miss Field's book is of a lively order, and may be described specifically as being that which the newspaper reader knows as "spicy" or "brilliant." Miss Field sees Mr. Cross, M.P., rise to ask Mr. Gladstone some questions, and Mr. Gladstone is said to be "Cross-questioned"; Mr. Brand has newly been elected Speaker, and he is "the Brand-new Speaker"; a great deal of expectoration is "the rain of terror"; poor wine "by any other name

would be more sour"; the Empress Augusta is "Mrs. Kaiser"; when French shopkeepers flatter you, you feel like putting a pistol to their heads, and saying, "Dead silence, or your dead bodies"; when Mr. Disraeli's hair is to be described, it is

"With each particular hair smooth to th' end,
Like flax upon the yielding sticking-wax."

When the Fourth of July was celebrated by certain Americans in Paris,

"Not a drum was heard, not a cannon roared,
No horses ran away;
But we did our 'level best' abroad
To celebrate the day."

This is a way of writing which the reader usually finds best exemplified in the letters of lady correspondents at the watering-places in the hottest weather; but Miss Field is an adept in it, and perhaps the most eminent proficient.

Good Morals and Gentle Manners. For School and Families. Alex. M. Gow, A.M. (Cincinnati and New York: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.)—This little manual is intended as a "systematic text-book on moral and social law." Mr. Gow has endeavored to cover the whole ground, and if in the limits of 246 pages he has failed at all to accomplish his object, it is not on account of lack of earnestness or comprehension of the importance of his task. Mr. Gow is essentially an earnest writer, and in this hand-book he has prepared for the public a compendium of what he thinks the most authoritative opinions on a variety of subjects which have been treated of at different periods of the world's history by writers of considerable reputation, as, for instance, Moses, Confucius, Marcus Aurelius, Dickens, Franklin, Solon, Neal Dow, Washington, and Solomon, and on some others to which they gave but little attention. Besides the rules of conduct, Mr. Gow has given illustrations and applications of the moral and social law by means of anecdotes of all kinds; as, for example, in that part of his treatise which discusses the violation of good morals and gentle manners involved in the practice of whittling, he tells the story, or, as he might prefer to have it called, the parable, of the habitual whittler who on one occasion, when engaged in whittling away at a valuable shop-counter, was sharply reproved by a clerk, who, observing the outrage, quietly "walked around where he was sitting, and, before the whittler was aware of his intention, cut off one of his coat-tails with his scissors." This matter is very properly treated of under the head of "Rights of Property." Under the "Social Law" Mr. Gow has collected a number of rules, which are all the more welcome from the fact that we have never before seen them in print. We give a few of them: *Behavior at the Table—Undress.*—"Politeness requires that gentlemen should not come to the table without their coats, especially if covered with perspiration. The propriety of this rule is very obvious." Under the sub-title, *Coughing and Spitting at Table*, Mr. Gow says: "Some persons have so little regard for the proprieties of the table as to clear the throat and cough and spit upon the floor before commencing to eat. Such thoughtlessness is deserving of the severest censure." A very sensible rule is given under the sub-title, *The Butter-knife and Spoons*, which may be cited as a satisfactory solution of one of the darkest points in the art of good-breeding—what is to be done when there is no butter-knife? "If no butter-knife is provided, each guest should be careful to clean his knife carefully upon a slice of bread, that no stain be left upon the butter." Other directions are, never to use the fork for the purpose of picking the teeth at table, nor, when any lady or gentleman has finished eating, to tip the chair back on two legs; never, except at the request of the entertainer, to "take apples, nuts, or sweetmeats away from the table, as it might be supposed that you are not accustomed to such delicacies, and thought it necessary to lay by a supply for future use." Mr. Gow's book cannot fail, it seems to us, to have a wholesome effect in the amelioration of manners, and we trust it may have a wide circulation.

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THE WEEK IN TRADE AND FINANCE.

JULY 21, 1873.

THE week in Wall Street has been quite active, especially in the Stock Exchange, where the recent change in the management of the Lake Shore road has imparted fresh activity to that stock, and led to enlarged dealings in Central and Hudson. The week wound up on Saturday with a lively turn in Erie, which will be more fully spoken of later.

The money market has remained quiet, with the rate three to four per cent. Commercial paper is in good demand and at low rates. Prime names having a short time to run have been negotiated as low as 5½ per cent. Paper having over three months to run passes less freely and at higher rates, according to the standing of the makers, varying from 6 to 7 per cent.

A further reduction of ½ per cent. was made Thursday in the Bank of England rate of discount, which makes it now stand at 4½ per cent. The Bank gained £37,000 in bullion last week.

The weekly statement of the Clearing-House banks on Saturday was unfavorable, and the loss of \$2,384,400 in specie reflects the outflow to Europe. The statement shows that the total liabilities have been increased \$1,279,200, and the total reserve has decreased \$1,841,200, making a loss of \$2,161,000 in the net reserve as compared to that of last week.

The following are the statements for the past two weeks:

	July 12.	July 19.	Differences.
Loans.....	\$288,174,500	\$289,873,100	Inc. \$1,703,600
Specie.....	84,658,000	32,563,600	Dec. 2,384,400
Circulation.....	27,291,800	27,281,500	Dec. 10,300
Deposits.....	238,916,900	240,206,400	Inc. 1,289,500
Legal tenders.....	48,329,900	48,872,500	Inc. 542,600

The following table shows the relation between the total reserve and the total liabilities:

	July 12.	July 19.	Differences.
Specie.....	\$34,658,000	\$22,573,600	Dec. \$2,384,400
Legal tenders.....	48,329,900	48,872,500	Inc. 542,600
Total reserve.....	\$82,987,900	\$81,146,100	Dec. \$1,841,800
Circulation.....	27,291,800	27,281,500	Dec. 10,300
Deposits.....	238,916,900	240,206,400	Inc. 1,289,500
Total liabilities.....	\$266,408,700	\$267,487,900	Inc. 1,279,200

The stock market was active during most of the week, with a large share of the transactions confined to the "Vanderbilt stocks"—Central and Hudson, Lake Shore, and Western Union Telegraph. Pacific Mail, Erie, Union Pacific, and Milwaukee and St. Paul were also very active. In looking at the published list of prices given below, it will be seen that a general advance has taken place in nearly everything. The chief interest, however, centred in Erie, which advanced from 58½ to 65½ Saturday, in consequence of a "squeeze" in the cash stock. Certain foreign bankers had bought Erie in London, the price being relatively lower there than in this market, and had

sold the stock here; meantime, they borrowed the cash stock to make their deliveries. This was all very well as long as the owners of the stock here were willing to loan it; but on Saturday they demanded its return, when it was discovered that there were no means of complying with the demand, and the aforesaid foreign bankers were obliged to go into the market and buy it, which put the price up very rapidly to 65½; meantime, as high as 34 per cent. bonus was paid for the use of the stock till Monday, but even at this rate a sufficient amount could not be obtained. The London stock is on its way to this country, but its probable arrival is some days off, and in the interim nobody can say how badly the unfortunate Germans may be "squeezed." Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western is stronger, having rallied up to 102½ early in the week from 99½, the price Monday. Michigan Central is a little stronger; the recent low quotations have tempted people to buy it, and the result has been that the price rallied up to 93½, at which it closed Saturday. Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy has also improved, and there are quite a number of orders in the market from investors. The stock is unquestionably low, and we can ascertain no reason why it should have declined below par.

The following shows the highest and lowest sales of the leading stocks at the Stock Exchange for the week ending July 19, 1873:

	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	Sales.
N. Y. C. & H. R.	103½ 105%	113½ 109%	103½ 101%	104½ 104%	101½ 101%	100½ 101%	101½ 101%
Lake Shore.....	91½ 92%	92½ 92%	93½ 93%	93½ 94%	92½ 93%	93½ 94%	94 95%
Erie.....	60 60%	60½ 61	59½ 60%	58½ 59%	58 59%	58½ 59%	65½ 66%
Do. pfd.							
Union Pacific.....	27½ 28%	28½ 24%	28 23½	28½ 23½	28½ 23½	28½ 23½	29 29½
Chi. & N. W.	69½ 69%	69½ 69%	69½ 69%	70½ 70%	70½ 70%	70½ 70%	70½ 70%
Do. pfd.	81½ 81%	81½ 81%	81½ 81%	82 82	82 82	82 82	83½ 83%
N. J. Central.....	108½ 105%	103½ 103%	103½ 103%	103½ 103%	103½ 103%	104 104	104 104
Rock Island.....	110½ 110%	110½ 110%	110½ 110%	111½ 111%	111½ 111%	111½ 111%	111½ 111%
Mil. & St. Paul.....	52½ 52%	52½ 53%	53½ 53%	53½ 53%	53½ 53%	53½ 53%	53½ 53%
Do. pfd.	72½ 73%	74 74	74 74	74 74	74 74	74 74	74 74
Wabash.....	69½ 70%	70½ 71%	70½ 71%	71½ 71%	71½ 71%	71½ 71%	71½ 71%
D. L. & Western.....	99½ 101%	101½ 102%	101½ 102%	101½ 101%	101½ 101%	101½ 101%	101½ 101%
B. H. & Erie.....	2½ 2%	2½ 2%	2½ 2%	2½ 2%	2½ 2%	2½ 2%	2½ 2%
O. & M.	30½ 40%	40½ 40%	40½ 40%	40½ 40%	40½ 40%	40½ 40%	40½ 40%
C. C. & I. C.	30½ 31%	31½ 32%	32½ 32%	32½ 32%	32½ 32%	32½ 32%	32½ 32%
U. Tel.	86½ 86%	86½ 87%	87½ 87%	89½ 89%	89½ 89%	89½ 89%	89½ 89%
Pacific Mail.....	31½ 34%	38½ 39%	37½ 37%	38½ 37%	37½ 37%	37½ 37%	38½ 37%

The German Government has purchased \$2,000,000 more United States new 5 per cent. bonds. This is in addition to the previous purchase of \$10,000,000 reported. The market here for Government bonds has been very dull, and rendered so by their scarcity. The investment demand has been good, and has led to a larger business than usual in the registered issues.

The interest on certain Georgia State bonds issued under Gov. Bullock's administration, which were recently in default, is now being paid by the Fourth National Bank of this city. Business in State bonds at the Board has been dull, chiefly confined to Tennessees and Virginias, with market firm on Missouris and Virginias.

The gold market has been tolerably active. The "bulls" have the heavy recent exports of specie to help them in advancing the price, while the "bears" count upon the influence of the Treasury in trying to keep the price down as a sufficient reason for lower gold. The price has ranged between 115½ and 116½. The total shipments of specie during the week amounted to \$3,944,533, of which \$2,938,121 was in American gold coin.

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